

VACATION AND TRAVEL PLANS AND ACTIVITIES

JUNE

1939

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine



A RAND McNALLY PUBLICATION

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Vacation

Marion LeBron Pigman


Picture by Anne Slossel



The country is a fairy place
To every city child:
The trees, the grass, the running brooks,
The flowers growing wild.



But to the country lad or lass
The city streets look fair,
With buildings rising to the skies
And autos everywhere.



In summer people change about,
And many a girl or boy
Will visit where another lives
And taste another's joy.



Heading by Vera Beck

BOOKS

OLD AND NEW

For Out-of-Doors

Mary Gould Davis

THERE are two kinds of books for out-of-doors. One is the kind that stimulates a feeling for the living things that are externally a part of the nature world; the birds and insects and animals, the trees and mosses and flowers. The other is the kind that informs us, definitely and scientifically, about these things.

IN the first group Kenneth Grahame's *Wind in the Willows* stands, and probably always will stand, at the head of the list. Since its reissue in the inexpensive Scribner edition with drawings by Ernest Shepard it has become practically a necessity when we start off to explore woods and rivers and fields. To read it out-of-doors, preferably aloud, is to hear with a keener sense the sound of flowing water, the murmur of wind in the trees, the mysterious rustlings of the little wild things. In the chapter called "The Piper at the Gates of Dawn," Kenneth Grahame has put into words all the emotions that keep a true nature lover silent, wordless, when he is under the open sky.



The Insect Man—Jean Henri Fabre
(Appleton-Century)

THIS spring England sends us a book that will probably be compared with the *Wind in the Willows*. It is called *Hedgehog's Holiday* and it is by Geoffrey Ford (Macmillan, London). It is a small, fat book, easily carried in the pocket of a raincoat. The drawings, including map end papers, are by Helen Haywood. These end papers show us exactly where all the characters, who are small woods animals, live. They prepare us for a plot and action that is truly dramatic—in some places almost melodramatic. It concerns the fight between a lovable hero, Dr. John Portly, the hedgehog, and the villain, a fierce outlaw badger, Baron Brock of Holt Castle. The story begins with the kidnapping of Belinda Vole. Dr. John gallantly

goes to her rescue—and the battle is on! There is never a dull page in the book. It races along with a chuckle or a thrill on every page. It will be fun to read aloud to boys and girls of almost any age, and it will be lots of fun to read to oneself under a pine tree or lying full length in a green canoe.



A Book of Wild Flowers
(Macmillan)

DOROTHY LATHROP leads all the other writers in her power to create and sustain in little children a sympathy for wild animals. She has done more to "educate"—and we use the word in its deepest sense—them to a knowledge of the problems and the joys of chipmunks and rabbits and mice and squirrels than any other author or artist. Every American family, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, should possess a copy of *Who Goes There?* (Macmillan). It is an unpretentious and yet a very lovely book. It is drawn and written and printed for very little children; and it is an absolutely authentic record of a wild life that is familiar in almost all parts of North America. This reviewer sat once and watched a little Chinese girl follow with eyes and one tiny forefinger the antics of the fieldmice and the chipmunks in this book. The calm, inscrutable little face did not change at all until she came to the picture of the two chipmunks fighting for the nut. Then she smiled. The little animals of the North American woods had "come alive" for her.

PERHAPS the most attractive book for boys and girls this spring is *A Book of Wild Flowers*, by Margaret McKenny and Edith F. Johnston (Macmillan). It is not a complete guide to wild flowers. It is not, in a sense, a guide at all. In pictures and text it tells about the flowers that we find in the woods and fields and along the roadside, the flowers that we know and expect to see year after year. The lithographic drawings in eight colors are lovely enough to frame and hang upon our walls. Their story is told simply and with a delightful friendliness. In fact, in spite of its fine illustration, this is a friendly little book. It would be at home in log cabins

and in farmhouses and in a summer cottage by the sea.

INSECT ALLIES, by Eleanor King and Wellmer Pessels (Harper), is a lively and readable account of the garden pests and their natural enemies. It convinces us that if we will only learn to let Nature alone, one "pest" will devour another and the perfect balance will be maintained. It is a thin, light book, easily tucked into a pocket or knapsack. The illustrations are excellent photographs well reproduced. We recommend it particularly to Boy and Girl Scouts.

ANOTHER fascinating one is Raymond Ditmars *Insect Oddities*, with pictures in color by Helene Carter (Lippincott). The drawings, clear and dramatic, show the insect in its native place. The text is for older boys and girls. It is the sort of book that the whole family could use for reference—and keep safely in the family bookcases. It is far too beautiful to be left out-of-doors.



The Insect Man—Jean Henri Fabre
(Appleton-Century)

MANY boys and girls will remember the life of Jean Henri Fabre, by Eleanor Dooley—*The Insect Man*—published last year (Appleton-Century). This is the proper time to bring it out again, to put it in your knapsack when you pack for an outdoor vacation. Percy Bicknell's translation of some of Fabre's insect studies should go along with it. The chapter on the courtship of butterflies is as good as a novel. It is called *Mareels of the Insect World* (Appleton-Century). Eleanor Dooley's new book is a life of Louis Pasteur—*The Microbe Man* (Appleton-Century). It is a fascinating biography of one of the greatest of Frenchmen and it will be reviewed in a later number of CHILD LIFE.

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

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Drawing by Decie Marwin for "Parachute Pup"

Coming in July

The pup didn't go parachute riding on purpose, and you can imagine how his owners felt when they saw him sailing off over the hills. But, having an adventurous streak, the pup really enjoyed his wild Fourth of July ride. "Parachute Pup" is written and illustrated by Decie Marwin.

More Fourth of July Stories

Ted's group was meeting to raise money for a tent for the Fourth of July camping party, and he had to take his baby cousin to the meeting in order to attend at all. How Ted got away with the situation and saved the day for the boys and their trip makes a very funny story of "The XDY and Betty," by Chasley R. Kammann. The amusing illustrations are by Richard A. Halberg.

Another Fourth of July story, "Independence Day," written by Lavinia R. Davis and illustrated by Henry Pitt, tells of the exciting experience of Terry White, who declared her independence and insisted on riding Cassandra, the favorite horse on Hobby Horse Hill.

Bertram

Bertram's adventures in Africa end in this issue and soon they will be in book form. Paul Gilbert has dedicated this new Bertram book to Jane Withers, who is very fond of the Bertram series.

Other Features

"The House of the Three Deers," by Marjorie Medary, continues, with its enchanting illustrations by Kurt Wiese. A new series by Elizabeth Coatsworth begins in July with *Illustrations by Marguerite Davis*. And there are poems, and puzzles, and many suggestions for things to do in summer.

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Pictures by Helen Finger

A Boy of Norway

By Anno Gertrude Holl

These early, hoppy adventures of Fridtjof Nansen, famous explorer, scientist, and statesman, were preparing him for the great work he was to do in later life

It was a glorious place for boys—that Norwegian farm of Store Frøen, where Fridtjof Nansen spent his boyhood—with its big, comfortable house, its garden and courtyard inside the green and white painted fence, with horses and cows and geese and chickens, with views of fjord and forest and mountain, with a rushing trout-stream close at hand, and, best of all, with the wild and secret stretches of the forest of Nordmarka close behind it.

And it was a lively and interesting household that surrounded the blue-eyed, shock-headed Fridtjof as he grew up. There was his mother, Adelaide Wedel Jarlsberg Nansen, tall, stately, capable, always busy in garden and house, even making all her sons' suits

until they were eighteen, yet finding time for reading and study. There was the father, Baldur Nansen, the lawyer, precise and gentle in manner, firm and honorable in character, and deeply beloved by his family; a true gentleman of the old school. Besides Fridtjof's own brother Alexander, a year younger than he, there were older half-brothers and sisters, for both his father and his mother had been married before. They were a strong and lively crew, those Nansen children, used to plain food and simple living, and hardened with life and sport in the open country.

Outwardly Fridtjof was most like his mother, tall and large of frame, with strongly marked features, and boundless energy. He inherited from her also a love of outdoor sport, the courage to do what he thought best, and complete indifference to what other people thought about it. As he grew older, he showed more of his heritage from his father, a gentle manner, thoughtful sympathy for others, a careful, accurate habit of work, and a rock-bound firmness of character.

We have only glimpses of the home life at Store Frøen, of Christmas trees behind closed doors, and a houseful of children wild with excitement, of hurried drives to the city through the Christmas snow on the last forgotten errands; of boys by the fire on winter nights with their noses in *Robinson Crusoe* or Asbjørnsen's Norwegian fairy tales; of young fishermen barelegged in the icy Frogner River, with their bait of worms in their turned-up trousers legs; of Fridtjof with a fishhook caught in his upper lip, pale but tearless while his mother cuts it out; but there is an air of happiness and warm affection

over it all, so that Fridtjof could write when he was a man, with a homesick longing, of the "unspeakably dear and happy home."

Fridtjof was three years old when one day Martha Larson, the housekeeper, showed her mistress a little woolen coat with a hole burned up the back.

"There he was, Fru Nansen, leaning over his cart and hammering at the wheel with all his might, and his coat so ablaze from a spark he must have got in the wash house, that I had to pull it off him and throw it on the ground to keep him from burning up. And not for a minute did he stop working on that wheel. He said he thought I was taking care of the fire all right, and he had the cart on his hands."

"But how did his coat get afire, Martha, out there in the middle of the courtyard?"

"He had been in the wash house with me just before, and I suppose a spark from under the wash boiler must have flown out and caught in his clothes—it wouldn't blaze up right away in that thick wool stuff—and then I looked out in the yard to see him with a tail of smoke and fire rising up behind, and his head down under that cart. The shout I gave you could have heard in Christiania, but he never even looked up."

"When Fridtjof is interested in something, he can't be interrupted—he must always see it through."

FEBRUARY in Christiania, and the Market Fair was open! Open with booths and stands filled with toys and cakes, with shooting galleries, and jugglers, with streets filled with crowds on holiday, with country people in gay costumes, with hundreds of things for little boys to buy and see and enjoy.

In spring and summer there were wonderful excursions into the forests and rugged hills of the neighborhood



And Fridtjof was eight and Alexander was seven.
 "Fridtjof, you and Alexander may go to the Fair together today by yourselves and spend this money just as you please."

It looked like a fortune to them when they put together all that Father and Mother, uncles and aunts and grandparents had given them, but they counted it carefully and talked seriously together as they went down the long road to the city. It was tools the two boys wanted, and it was tools they bought, choosing soberly and carefully the best hammer, plane, and bits that their money would buy, and then turned their backs on the Fair and hurried home to get to work.

"Home so soon! And all their money spent for tools! Oh, give them more money and tell them to go back and have a good time!" So back they went with more money and bought—more tools!

THE Nansen boys were always trying out new things, and Fridtjof was worst of them all. It was Fridtjof who made himself some skis from pieces of old ones that had belonged to his older brothers and sisters. They were pretty crude and not even the same length, but he could stumble about on them a little and hope for the day when his father would think he was old enough to have a good pair and would let him go to Huseby Hill for the races. Perhaps next winter!

"You're beginning young, Fridtjof! But where did you get those skis?" It was the voice of their neighbor, Fabritius the printer, who lived beyond them.

"I made them," said Fridtjof. "I know they aren't very good, but I couldn't find any better pieces."

"Let me see them, my boy," Fabritius leaned from his sleigh to look at the truly remarkable skis. "Now, I tell you that a boy who wants skis as much as that should have some good ones. I'll get you a pair myself. Not this winter—the skiing is almost over now—but you wait!"

Next winter finally came, and with it a long, long parcel for Fridtjof. "From his friend, Fabritius." Beautiful lacquered skis of ash they were, red with black stripes, and with a blue lacquered staff and disk. Fridtjof used them for ten years.

Huseby Hill was the highest of the hills about Store Frøen and was in plain sight of the house. It was on Huseby that the skiing matches were held. The little boys were allowed to ski on the smaller hills, but were warned to keep away from Huseby. The day came, however, when Fridtjof could not resist any longer; he must try his new skis on Huseby. He did very well at first, making his leaps, with most of the others, from a level stretch halfway up the hill, but after a while he saw a few

of the older boys taking off from the very top of the hill. Now, there was something more to try, and up he climbed to see what he could do. He started for the take-off at a furious speed, soared through the air for what seemed to him like a long time, and then suddenly caught his skis fast in a snow bank. There they stuck, while their owner shot away through the air in a great arc and came down head foremost with such force that he bored into the snow to his waist. There was dead silence on the hill for a moment, for the boys were certain he must have broken his neck. But shouts of laughter soon echoed from all sides as the young champion, unharmed, came crawling out of the drift.

Fridtjof and his brothers became experts on skis and won many prizes. Fridtjof loved all sports: swimming and boating in summer; skating, skiing, and tobogganing in winter. When he was only seventeen, he won the Norwegian skating championship, and at eighteen broke the world speed record on the ice. But most of all he liked skiing, not only for the fun of the races and contests and the trips with the ski club, but also because it opened to him the wild and solitary beauty of the Norwegian winter forest. The forest of Nordmarka, which lay almost at his door, was little known in Fridtjof's boyhood, and seemed always to beckon to the Nansen boys, who had explorer's blood in their

veins. From the time Fridtjof was twelve, he was allowed to explore farther and farther into its depths, sometimes with older brothers, sometimes with an old countryman called Ola Knub. So little was the forest traveled in those days, that often when they were out in winter they would find undisturbed the ski tracks they had made weeks before. In winter the forest was a place of silence—all sounds muffled by the snow that covered the ground and hung thick and soft on the trees—no sound of bird or wind, the air clean and sharp and fragrant with pine, the distant mountains white against the dazzling blue of the winter sky. What wonder that a quiet, sturdy boy loved to slip over the snow, among the trees, silently, alone on skis, thinking his own deep thoughts, and feeling more than he could ever put into words? "The solemn pine forest," he wrote many years after, "marked my soul for life."

In spring and summer there were fishing trips in the forest, and in autumn hunting for hare. Perhaps there were trolls in the clefts of the lichen-yellowed rocks, as the country people said, and nixies under the foaming waterfalls, but at least the boys learned that there were grouse and black cock in the beather covers and plenty of salmon and trout in the ice-green streams. In spring, wreaths and banners of mist rose from myriad waterfalls to cling to the tree-dark mountainsides. In summer the sun beat

hot on the forest and filled the air with the odor of pine and fir. In autumn the beather bloomed pale red on the rocky slopes, and birch and aspen foliage shone like beaten gold against the green-black pines. At all times there was peaceful, remote, a place for freedom and adventure.

A friend describes the holidays in the forests, and we wonder that the boys had any energy left for school when one of these was over. At the end of May, the three young fishermen would set out from Store Frøen as soon as they had swallowed the last mouthful of their Saturday dinner, carrying in their wallets some bread and butter, a piece of sausage, and a little coffee. First came a five hours' tramp—not making for any house or for water, but straight to the river. Their goal once reached, they did not even stop to eat, but had out their fishing rods and cast away as long as it was light. At the darkest of the night, an hour or two of rest. For supper, coffee and fish broiled on the embers. Then they would creep into a charcoal hut for an hour's nap, or else sleep under a bush. Then to work again at peep of day.

As Fridtjof grew older there were even longer trips in the summer, spontaneous climbing in the rugged, dangerous glaciers of Jotunheim and Mrosdal. So much of Norway is mountainous, solitary, and sternly beautiful that there was plenty of room for adventurous trips at any time of year. Besides these there was boating on the fjord, where one could dart in and out among the wooded islands and promontories, or, in spring, could venture out of the fjord among the sheltering skerries to the south to watch for the first birds returning northward.

In their outdoor life, Fridtjof was a great trait to some of his companions, because he cared so little about what he ate or where he slept, and because he seemed almost never to be tired. When the others carried packs of food on their back, he strode along unburdened, with only a sandwich in his pocket. A box of matches and a fishing rod were all the equipment he said he needed to spend several weeks in the forest. Even when he was sixty-five, he said in a lecture to a young audience: "How perfectly unnecessary many of the 'necessities' are! . . . Mind you, by making your baggage train longer, you clip your wings." At first it was only a boy's impatience with delay and the weight of equipment and his eagerness to be on his way, but later it became a real effort to train himself to endure all sorts of hard conditions, to eat all sorts of food, and to make his way in wild and lonely places with the least possible baggage. For even then he was preparing himself for the great experiences that were to come to him when he grew older. (Continued on page 267)



His startled companions watched Fridtjof soar through the air into a fat snow bank

WITH BERTRAM IN AFRICA

By Paul T. Gilbert

Author of *Bertram and His Fussy Animals*, *Bertram and His Fabulous Animals*, etc.



Pictures by Anne Stossel

The adventurers celebrate Christmas in the jungle

What Has Happened in This Story

In this nonsense story Bertram sells for \$2000 a dinosaur egg-shell, which he and Ginny Banning had dug up in his back yard. Then he and Ginny, Ginny's dog Toni, George Fish and his cat, Peggy Linder, and Paul Darling start off to Africa on the *Zanzibar* to catch wild animals for the zoo.

The whole town, almost, comes down to the depot to see the travelers off. The children take rattles and dolls and rag books and squeaky cows to give to the natives' children.

On board the *Zanzibar*, the travelers meet Sailor Ben. One day the wind begins to blow and the ship starts to roll. "This ship is going down," the captain yells. Sailor Ben puts the children and all their things into a lifeboat, and they row away to a desert island. The children find a dodo bird on the island and dig up a pirate's chest. One day a big airplane swoops down. An airman steps out. "Could I give you a lift?" he says. A little black stowaway jumps out of the plane, too. His name is Chicken Gumbo. All of the children ride in the airplane to Africa, but Sailor Ben waits for a boat. The first thing the adventurers do when they land in Africa is to write letters home. Chicken Gumbo builds a tree house for the children to live in. Ginny brings home a rhinoceros all by herself. Chief Mumbo, a native chief, and his band of warriors catch agnu, a zebra, a hippopotamus, an oryx, and a crocodile for Bertram in exchange for rattles, and Chicken Gumbo captures a baby elephant. Bertram's menagerie is beginning to look like something new. A Pygmy mamma and her five children come to call. They live just across the Equator and they want to get acquainted with Bertram and his friends. One morning Paul goes into the jungle. When he doesn't return in time for supper everyone is worried, and a searching party is sent out. Ginny is determined to find Paul and she rides out into the jungle on Bimbo, the baby elephant, but she doesn't get far when a big, roaring lion leaps out of the bushes. Ginny shuts her eyes and holds on tight to Bimbo's ears.

Part V

BUT the lion! What had happened? The last thing Ginny remembered seeing was the big beast lashing his tail and snarling. But why didn't he spring if he was going to? Ginny couldn't stand the suspense any longer. She opened her eyes.

Had she been dreaming? Or was she dreaming now? Bimbo had stopped trembling. And the lion had gone! But almost on the spot where he had stood was a strange white boy in a leopard skin and with a little ring-tailed monkey on his shoulder.

It was Paul Darling!

"Paul!" cried Ginny. "Where have you been? We've looked all over for you. Where were you?"

"Oh, in the jungle," said Paul.

"But weren't you scared?" asked Ginny. "And how queer you look! What makes your eyes so strange?"

"That's the way they look when you scare lions," said Paul. "I guess I scared that one all right."

"My, but you're brave!" said Ginny. "But what happened? Where have you been?"

"I'll tell you after we get home. I'm hungry now." "All right. Climb up on Bimbo, and I'll take you home."

After they got back to the tree house, the children

gathered around Paul to listen—wide-eyed—to his story.

"I was chasing a red butterfly," he began, "when I got lost in the jungle. Of course I was pretty scared at first and I began to cry. But I heard some monkeys making fun of me, and that made me ashamed. So I went on and on, trying to find my way back home. Then night came, and I lay down under a tree.

"The next morning when I woke up I heard a lot of monkeys chattering. They were eating coconuts, and it made me hungry just to look at them. Then one of them—the mamma monkey—offered me a coconut. I ate it, and it tasted good. Then they began talking to me in monkey language. They wanted me to live with them, and so I lived with them in a big tree. They taught me how to climb trees and to swing from branch to branch. I learned how to scare lions, too—by staring straight into their eyes.

"But by and by I got tired of living with the monkeys. So I tried to find my way back home. This little monkey followed me. Then I met Ginny—and, well, here I am."

Well, you would never have known Paul Darling for the boy he used to be. He wouldn't wear his regular clothes—not even his shoes and stockings—but went around barefoot, with the ring-tailed monkey on his shoulder. And he never cried again.

One day, not long after she had found Paul, Ginny said, "It's about time we went to call on the Pygmies."

So the children put up picnic lunches and set out through the woods. The girls took with them the pretty dresses they had made for Chi-Chi and Leonore.

The Pygmies lived about a mile the other side of the Equator, under a big tree where it was quite dark. They were ever so glad to see the children, for it was the first time they had ever had company. The mamma was delighted with the little dresses, and Chi-Chi and Leonore looked too cute in them

There stood a strange boy in a leopard skin with a little monkey on his shoulder



for anything when their mamma dressed them up.

They spent the afternoon playing blindman's-buff and drop-the-handkerchief. And they had so much fun they didn't notice how dark it was getting.

Finally Ginny said, "It must be getting late. I guess we'd better be going." So the children thanked the Pygmies for the nice time they'd had and started home.

But they had not gone far when Bertram sneezed! And Chicken Gumbo said, "Lawdy me! Dat's a hoodoo sign. We-all got to turn back an' start ovah again."

It was pitch dark by this time, and they couldn't find the big tree where the Pygmies lived. So they began to yell "Hi!" at the top of their voices, but nobody answered. Now and then they would bump into trees or stumble over roots. And branches like

They spent the afternoon playing blindman's-buff and drop-the-handkerchief



big claws reached out to grab them as they passed. Then a bat flew past, and Chicken Gumbo screamed. "Run fo' yo' lives!" he cried. "It's a deeli-deeli!" And he began to run. Paul Darling grabbed him, but Chicken Gumbo tugged and screamed.

"Let me go!" he cried. "It's a deeli-deeli! It's a jungle ghost. It'll turn into a bear and eat us up."

"Nonsense," said Paul. "Come on."

"Pretend it's Halloween," said Ginny.

But just then, right ahead of them, what should they see but two terrible green eyes.

"What did Ah tell yo'?" howled Chicken. "It's done turned into a bear, like Ah done said."

"You wait here," said Paul. "Don't run away."

The children clung together in a frightened little bunch while Paul went on alone toward the green eyes. Then they heard Paul laugh. "Come on," he said. "Nothing's going to eat you up. It's only George Fish's cat."

With Paul leading the way, they soon reached the gumbo-limbo tree where their house was, and were they ever glad when that spooky adventure was over.

Christmas was coming, though with no snow on the ground it seemed more like the Fourth of July.

"I tell you what," said Ginny. "Wouldn't it be nice if we got up a Christmas party and invited the Pygmies! We'd have to hang up our own stockings for them, but think what fun it will be to play Santa Claus."

"But where would we come in?" said Bertram. "It won't be much like Christmas if nobody gives us anything."

"You ought to think shame, Bertram," answered Ginny. "Think of those poor Pygmies who have never had a Christmas."

"Well, that isn't our fault," said Bertram. "But all right, if you want to invite them."

So they invited the Pygmies. Chicken Gumbo picked whole armfuls of cotton and spread it on the ground and on the roof of the little tree-top house, so that it looked like snow. Then the children hung up stockings for the Pygmies. And they filled the stockings with taffy apples, rattles, squeaky cows, and Scotties.

Chief Mumbo and his warriors came over in the morning to wish Bertram Merry Christmas. And they gave him eighteen elephants and a giraffe which they'd been saving up for a surprise.

Then the Pygmies arrived, the twins, Chi-Chi and Leonore, looking ever so sweet in their little pink dresses. And how the Pygmy children squealed when they emptied out the stockings and saw all the nice things that were in them!

The Pygmies hadn't forgotten that it was Christmas, either. They had brought four elephant tusks, one for each of the boys, and two of the tiniest deer in all the world—one for each of the little girls. Ginny named hers Sweetie and tied a pink ribbon around its neck. Peggy named hers Harold, and tied a blue ribbon around its neck.

But the biggest surprise was yet to come.

Just as the Pygmies were getting ready to go, something they thought was a big bird swooped down from the sky. It was the round-the-world-airplane—the one which had brought the children to Africa. And out of it stepped— (Continued on page 278)



"Well, I declare!" said Bertram's mamma. "It's just like riding in an elevator!"

Mixed Mysteries

By Jeannette Covert Nolan

Author of *The Young Douglas*, *Berry Barton's Mystery*, etc.

TIM was working in his garden plot when Mrs. Jones stepped to her back fence and called to him. He threw down his trowel and went immediately to see what she wanted.

"Tim," Mrs. Jones said, flushed and excited, "the postman just brought me a letter from my sister. She wants me to come and visit her and go to a concert with her. I'll have to take the very next bus. Do you think you'd have time to do some errands for me this morning?"

"Yes," Tim said promptly. "I was transplanting zinnia seedlings for Mother, but they can wait." He liked Mrs. Jones. She was young and pretty and, during the year they had been neighbors, she often had been kind to him.

She led him into her immaculately shining kitchen. Three boxes were there on the table—large, square cardboard boxes, all similar to each other in appearance.

"I intended to deliver these today," Mrs. Jones explained. "This one is for your mother. The other two were left with me by the tenant on my uncle's farm. One is for Mrs. Rose, across the street. I believe it contains maple sugar and, since Mrs. Rose is out of town, please tell her cook to put the box in a cool place. This third box"—she held it in her hands—"is for Mrs. Todd. The farmer didn't say what's in it, but he warned me to be gentle with it."

Then Mrs. Jones scribbled names—Tim's and Mrs. Rose's and Mrs. Todd's—on three paper slips, thrust the slips under the twine that bound the boxes and gave them into Tim's keeping.

"Good-by, Mrs. Jones," he said. "I hope you'll have a good time. And don't worry about the errands."

"Thank you, Tim," Mrs. Jones replied. "Here are some cookies you can munch while you're playing messenger boy."

Soon Tim was at home again, two of his errands done. He found Mother on the screened porch and laid the last of the three boxes in her lap. He told her of Mrs. Jones' hasty departure. "I knew you wouldn't mind, Mother, if I postponed the zinnia planting."

"Certainly not," Mother said. "I'm glad you could help. Really, though, Mrs. Jones needn't have bothered to send me this box today when she



Pictures by O. Stewart Imhoff

Tim runs three errands for Mrs. Jones

had so much to think of. In it is that old Spanish costume I lent her to wear to the masquerade party a week ago. Just take it up to the attic, will you, son? It's a thing I seldom use."

Obediently Tim carried the box upstairs and stowed it in the attic. He removed the twine and stuffed that into his pocket; it was exactly the sort of strong, blue twine he wanted for a top string. The attic was very warm with the sun beating on the south window panes. He didn't linger there, but returned to the pleasant porch, where he sipped lemonade and talked to Mother about his visits to Mrs. Rose and Mrs. Todd.

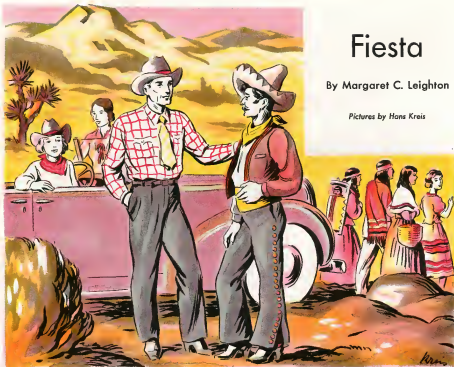
"It was fun," he said. "The boxes weren't heavy. I ate seven ginger cookies and I had to stop only once—when the slips of paper fell off. But I got them on again in a hurry!"

"I do hope Mrs. Jones has a good time," Mother said. "She deserves a vacation, for she's been looking tired."

It was some time later that news arrived of Mrs. Jones. Then, one afternoon, Mrs. Todd came in for a minute to say that she had received a postcard from Mrs. Jones, and she was having a grand time. Mrs. Todd was interesting and jolly. She loved children and flowers and animals, and whenever she dropped in, Tim made it a point to be on hand to greet her.

This afternoon Mrs. Todd

(Continued on page 274)



Fiesta

By Margaret C. Leighton

Pictures by Hans Kreis

Polly, Johnny, and Midnight go to the celebration

OLD TONY CHOTMOTOC brought the first news of the fiesta. He climbed stiffly out of his car in front of the store and drew a folded paper from his worn leather wallet. "You put this up where all peoples can see?" he asked Polly. "Maybe you come, you eat *enchilladas*, *tortillas*, you dance, you ride that little black horse to win the prize, huh?"

Uncle Walt tacked the poster to the wall, along with the election notice and the bright-colored advertisements. The old Indian watched with satisfaction. Then, with a nod, he climbed into his old car and chugged away.

Polly ran the length of the long porch to the other end of the old adobe building. In the kitchen, where the wood-burning cook stove was roaring full blast, Aunt Em was rolling out pastry. When Polly told her about the fiesta that the Reservation Indians were to hold at the Springs resort she darted a twinkling glance through her spectacles at her niece's eager face. "Like as not your uncle'll find some excuse to take you over—to the rodeo, at least!" she said.

All through the first week of the fiesta, Polly watched the procession of cars and wagons on the road, crowded with Indians from other reservations. All wore their gala best. The older women still clung to their full, dark dresses and shawls, but the young girls were bright as rainbows.

At last came the climax, the day of the rodeo. In new overalls, velveteen shirt, bright neckerchief, and high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat jaunty on her short curls, Polly waited impatiently in the car while Uncle Walt gave his final instructions to Pedro, the Mexican ranch hand. Aunt Em followed him to the car. "Now, Walt, Polly isn't to ride any of those strange horses! I wouldn't put it past her to try anything." And Uncle Walt promised.

Their own flat, grassy valley, dotted with grazing cattle and shadowed by clusters of live oaks was soon far behind. The road climbed between rocky, sunbaked hills. Gray sage, white-blossomed red-shank, bright-stemmed manzanita grew as high as their heads. They rattled over the bars of the cattle guard that separated their land from that of their

neighbors, the Collins. Polly drew a deep sigh. "I wonder if Johnny Collins will race Midnight?" she said, shouting to make her voice heard above the engine's noise.

Uncle Walt looked down at her. "You still feel bad that we had to sell your little horse, don't you, honey? If it hadn't been that we needed the money so, last winter—"

Already Polly was sorry she had spoken. Dear Uncle Walt! "All I meant was, I'd like to see him run, and I'd love to see him win," she protested eagerly.

The fourteen miles to the valley of the springs—once a hard day's journey for the pioneers struggling wearily through desert and mountains—passed swiftly. Circling the gaily painted resort buildings where the hot waters bubbled so strangely from the earth, they turned down a rutted track and crossed a dry wash to a level, open field. It was filling fast with vehicles of all kinds. There were battered wagons and trucks, dusty after many miles of trails and mountain roads, and there were the sleek, shining cars of the tourists.

A clump of ancient live oaks flanked the field. In their shade were the horse corrals. Polly wondered whether Midnight was somewhere among them. The *ramadas*, enclosures of rough willow poles, walled and roofed with thatches of leafy branches, covered perhaps an acre of ground. They

formed a great, hollow square, facing inward toward a sort of plaza where a pavilion had been built for dancing. In this great, communal Indian dwelling the entire tribe had lived during the whole of the fiesta, moving down from their remote and solitary little cabins among the mountains of their reservation to this valley of healing waters—their home for generations before the white men drove them out. Each family had its own section of the *ramadas*, divided into sleeping quarters in the back and open booths facing the plaza, where they cooked, ate, visited, and displayed whatever wares and trinkets they had for sale.

Nibbling a *tortilla*, strolling with the good-natured, idling throng from one color-filled booth to the next, Polly felt that she was in some far, foreign land. The hot, bright air was full of spicy cooking smells, the odor of wood smoke, the rippling music of Spanish voices with a deeper undertone from the Indians. From somewhere came the throb of guitars, the high-pitched, wailing tenor of a Mexican love song. The dust of many feet floated, golden, in the sunshine. Above the dark roofs of the *ramadas* the peaks of the circling mountains stood sharp and bold against the burning sky.

They found the Collinases, and Uncle Walt and his friend, Ed Collins, began exchanging genial insults. Johnny Collins, his face moody and sullen above his bright bandana, nodded at sight of Polly.

"Hi, shrimp!" he greeted her.

"Johnny!" Polly lost no time. "Are you going to ride Midnight in the race?"

Johnny scowled. "I was. I rode him over here early to give him time to rest for the race. But it's no use now. Midnight won't have a chance. They're letting a thoroughbred run!"

"A thoroughbred, in a cow-ponies' race?"

"Through some mistake the race was advertised as a free-for-all for anyone under sixteen. It was meant as a cow-ponies' race, but Carl White insisted on entering his chestnut. Because his dad runs the resort, I suppose they don't dare refuse him."

"Why, that's not fair! But Johnny, maybe his horse isn't so fast. Maybe you can beat him."

"Not a chance! I've seen him run! No one else will more than get started. What's the use of racing if you know in advance that you're going to get licked?"

There didn't seem to be any answer. But a lump rose in Polly's throat that she couldn't swallow. She had been looking forward so long to seeing Midnight race—the little black horse that she had raised from a colt and that had grown into so surprisingly beautiful an animal. As sometimes happens in the mustang breed, he had combined in himself all the daintiness, strength, and grace of his remote ancestors—those Spanish barbs, brought to this country by the conquistadors so long ago. Polly was reconciled to his loss—buying him had been the only

Johnny appeared at last, astride a flea-bitten buckskin



way Ed Collins could find of helping his friend and neighbor, her beloved Uncle Walt, without hurting his pride. But she still felt very close to her pet.

There was a stir in the crowd and a movement toward the gateway of the *ramadas*. The guitar players, carried high on a brightly painted two-wheeled cart, had swung into the familiar rhythm of "All'en el Rancho Grande." Behind them the crowd wound in a long procession across the field toward the corals where the bucking contests were to begin. Ranchers and their families, Indians, tourists, Mexicans, all joined in the singing line, while excited children ran beside the swaying cart where the musicians perched and played.

Hearing from one of the judges that his name had been drawn among the first to ride, Johnny turned to go. Polly caught his arm. "Good luck in the bucking! And when the races come, *do* ride Midnight, anyway. Give him a chance to show what he can do!" But Johnny was gone, swaggering a little in his high-heeled boots and jingling spurs. He did everything so well, and he did so *hate* to be beaten! Polly, to whom defeat was no novelty, knew that it really wasn't so bad and was a lot more fun than not trying things at all!

A whistle announced the beginning of the bucking, and Polly hurried to the edge of the field just in time to see the first contestant zig-zagging crazily across the open, waving his hat, clouds of dust rising at every jump. It wasn't Johnny, so Polly wasn't too sorry when he suddenly left the saddle and landed in the dirt, while his pony cavorted on down the field in mischievous triumph.

Other riders followed. Johnny appeared at last, astride a flea-bitten buckskin. When Johnny held his seat for the full allotted time, Polly's cheers rose shrill above all the rest! His time up, he took his toss, landed on his feet, then collapsed suddenly,

his leg twisted under him. Silence blanketed the crowd as Ed Collins ran across the open to his son, Uncle Walt and Polly at his heels. Helped to the shade of the oaks, Johnny, white-faced under his tan, tried his weight gingerly on his left foot. "Of all the bum luck!" he said. The doctor, hurrying up, pronounced it a sprain. Johnny grinned into Polly's anxious face. "Guess I won't be riding Midnight, shrimp."

Polly drew a deep breath. "Let me ride him, Johnny!" her eyes were round, imploring. "It's a race for anyone, boy or girl, under sixteen. Please let me!"

Uncle Walt cleared his throat, but Polly wouldn't let him speak. "You promised Aunt Em not to let me ride a *strange* horse! Midnight isn't a strange horse!"

"Let her, Walt," urged Ed Collins, and Johnny nodded, too. "Racing can't hurt a good little rider like her."

"Well, all right—" and Polly was off before Uncle Walt could change his mind.

Midnight whinnied at sight of her and rubbed his velvety nose against her shoulder. Hurriedly she bridled and saddled him, changing Johnny's stirrups to fit her shorter legs. The little horse pranced as she swung upon him, just enough to let her know he was in the best of spirits, then stood still, arching his glossy neck. She rode him at a slow lope around the corral, to warm him up, until the whistle summoned the riders for the first race. From across the field she heard a familiar yodel. Johnny, his bandaged foot gleaming white in the sun, had somehow got to the top of a car parked near the finish line.

At the starting mark Ed Collins tightened her cinch. Polly's cheeks were flaming, her heart pounding so that it seemed to shake her (Continued on page 279)

"Go, Midnight! Go!" Cried Polly



Joan entertains a strange
caller and learns a secret

The House of the Three Deer

By Marjorie Medary

Author of *Topgallant*, *Prairie Anchorage*,
Orange Winter, etc.

What Has Happened in This Story

Joan, coming to visit her Aunt Sue on Grand Manan Island, finds that her aunt has adopted three beautiful deer and given them a tiny house to live in. Bobo, Buck, and Bramble were born in a park and when they were turned loose on the island they needed care and friendship. They make wonderful playmates, and Martin, the hired man, lets Joan feed them. Fundy, the big yellow house cat, wants a home for her babies, and Joan, seeing the friendliness of the deer toward the four kittens, moves Fundy and her family into the deer's house where they settle down happily. Joan helps Martin and Melissa plant the garden. Melissa says some neighbors are angry and afraid the deer will bother their gardens. "We must build a bigger deer yard," says Aunt Sue, "for our pets will come to harm."

Part III

IT STORMED for three days. The wind blew and the rain was driven in gusts across the fields.

The first day Joan stayed outdoors in her boots and oilskins. It was fun to splash through the puddles. She coaxed Jock to go down to the shore with her.

Big waves thundered and crashed up the beach in a frightening way. The wind was so strong that Joan could hardly stand still. Jock's tail, straight up, looked like a ragged plume in the wind.

The next morning Joan awoke with a sniffly cold. It was still storming, and she did not protest when Aunt Sue suggested that she should stay in bed. Jock came up to say good morning. Melissa brought



Pictures by Kurt Wiese

her breakfast on a tray and remarked, "Martin said the deer would hardly touch their feed. He says they've got so set on you that they're quite lost without you." That made Joan smile even though she was sorry for the deer.

By the next morning the storm had died, but the sky was still gray. Aunt Sue declared it was no day to take a cold outdoors, and Joan had to be content with wandering about the house. By eleven o'clock she was lonely, for Aunt Sue had gone to the village on errands, and Jock had gone with her. Melissa was in the attic where it was too cold for Joan. As she stood looking out the window, she saw something move beyond the lilac bushes. It was Bobo, and just then around the corner of the house came Buck and Bramble. A happy idea popped into her head. Perhaps she could get Buck to come into the house as he had done that morning when she first saw him.

Quickly she put on her oilskin hat and warmest sweater under the oilskin coat. Then with some cake in her hand she slipped out the open front door.

"Hello, Buck. Come, Bramble, come Bobo." She went down the three steps of the porch, holding

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out the cake. Buck was the first to move. He came leaping toward her; then Bobo was close behind. Bramble came more slowly, but Joan was careful to save him a piece of cake.

Buck licked her fingers and waited for her to pat his neck. Bobo licked the other hand and frisked away. Bramble stood apart shyly, but stayed near the porch. "Do you want more?" she asked. He flipped his tail.

Joan hurried to the kitchen and came back with a big piece of cake. To her surprise Bramble stood exactly where she had left him at the foot of the porch steps. The other deer had gone. An idea flashed into Joan's mind. What if she could get Bramble into the house? Perhaps it would cure him of being afraid.

She held out the cake, and when the deer reached for it, she backed away. Slowly she climbed the steps. Bramble followed with his nose close to her hand. As she stepped inside, she said, "Come in, Bramble."

He flicked his tail, sniffed at the doorsill, and then walked in. Joan wanted to shout. Not even Aunt Sue had ever got Bramble beyond the door!

He stood there looking about him quite calmly. He sniffed at Aunt Sue's old coat, flung over a chair.

"Yes, Bramble," said Joan, "she'll be back soon. Do come in and make yourself at home." She held out the rest of the cake as she backed into the living room. It opened into the hall through a wide arched door that was never closed. Bramble followed until he stood fairly in the middle of the room. Then Joan

*Perhaps he was down at the edge
of the meadow with the wild deer*



gave him all of the cake that was left. He licked her hand just as the other deer had done, and Joan laughed softly.

"Won't you sit down and stay awhile, Mr. Bramble?" Joan plumped down on the hassock beside the Franklin stove. Bramble stood looking all about. His soft eyes were asking questions about the pillows on the couch, and the pictures, and the hissing red fire. His ears moved alertly, but he did not seem afraid.

"Joan, oh, Joan!" came Melissa's voice from the head of the stairway in the hall. Bramble stopped, his ears forward, his eyes staring. Joan knew that the voice from above must fill his heart with panic. He jerked his feet together and then stood as if frozen with fear. He was facing the window, the closed window. He would not know glass, having never encountered it. What if he should leap through this window! He might be killed!

What could she do? If she raised her voice to answer Melissa, the deer might leap. If she waited—

"Come, Bramble," said Joan gently, but loud enough for Melissa to hear. "Don't be afraid. Nothing will hurt you. It's Melissa upstairs." As she spoke, she rose and moved slowly toward the hall. Now she could see Melissa, who had come part way down the stairs. "Come, Bramble." She went on talking to him quietly. "Melissa is coming downstairs so that you can see her." She beckoned to Melissa.

Already Melissa understood. She went quietly down the stairs to the kitchen and returned noiselessly with some cabbage leaves. Bramble still stood as if he were made of stone.

Joan took the cabbage and moved a step toward Bramble. The deer stiffened. Joan sat down on the hassock.

For a long minute Bramble stared at the window. Then he turned his eyes toward Joan, and it seemed to her as if he sighed. She sat very still watching. He moved cautiously toward the hall, looked at her again as if to say good-by, and then leaped through the open front door. His tiny hoofs scarcely touched the porch. He was beyond the lilacs, away to the woods.

As Joan closed the door, her knees suddenly felt very weak. She sat down on the lowest step of the hall stairs. What if Bramble had— Anyhow he hadn't, and she, Joan, had coaxed him into the house—Bramble with the shyness in his heart. Perhaps the enchantment would have been broken if

Melissa hadn't frightened him. Perhaps he would have turned back into the lost brother of the fairy tales. Perhaps—

Joan looked up. Melissa stood in the kitchen door with the empty cake plate in her hand. "Perhaps I'd better help you make a cake," said Joan.

After three days of storm it was good to have the sun again. Joan was out early to feed the deer. The air was fresh and sweet and full of bird songs. A squirrel chattered at her as she went by. The deer seemed as glad as she was to see the grass and leaves shining in the rosy light. Bobo kicked up his tiny heels and frisked so much that he got hardly any breakfast.

At the gate, as Joan was leaving, Fundy rubbed against her ankles, saying, "Meow," in a hungry way.

"Yes, it's your turn now," said Joan.

She brought a cup of milk from the kitchen and filled the saucer in Bobo's room where Fundy and the kittens still lived. As she started toward the garden she met Melissa.

"Radishes and peas are up," Melissa said.

Joan ran down to see. Her boots went squish-squish in the deep meadow grass. The garden was still a strip of brown mud there in the green meadow. Where were the radishes and peas? Joan looked closer. There was a faint line of green down one row, and farther along tiny scattered spots of green.

Joan raced back to the house. In the kitchen Melissa was saying to Martin, "You'd better hurry and get a new fence around those deer. If they don't ruin *our* garden, they'll likely be into someone else's."

After breakfast Joan followed Martin across the road and the farther meadow. He showed her where he planned to put the fence just to one side of a tiny brook that ran toward the shore. "We'll give them some water and grass and all those birches and

His soft eyes were asking questions about the pillows and the pictures and the hissing red fire



A squirrel chattered at her as she went by

alders and young spruce beyond," he said. "Young lady, come along and I'll show you something."

He led the way. Behind a thick clump of spruces there was an open space. In the middle of it was a strip of plowed ground that looked like a small garden.

"Can you keep a secret?" asked Martin.

Joan nodded.

"This is the deer's garden," Martin said. "I got to thinking, and it seemed to me if they had a garden of their own, they wouldn't be so quick to visit other folks' gardens. So one night about a week ago I plowed this and I planted it with rape and millet that deer like just the way you like a lollypop. I thought it would sprout about as soon as the peas in the kitchen garden. Mind! Not a word to your Aunt Sue or Melissa. If it comes up too late they'll say, 'Why didn't you think sooner?' And if the deer don't like it they'll say it was a crazy idea anyhow."

Joan wondered how she could ever wait for the deer's garden to grow. She followed Martin back to the place for the fence, asking questions all the way.

Martin had brought a spade and an ax. He chopped away the sod and dug a small deep hole. Then he went into the edge of the woods and came back with two stout posts over his shoulder. They were pointed at one end. One of them he set in the hole and propped it firmly with some small stones. Then he began to pound it down with the broad side of the ax.

(Continued on page 276)

Grandmother's Eardrops

By Marjorie Hill Allee

Author of *Jane's Island*, *Ann's Surprising Summer*,
Judith Lankster, etc.

*Mary chose the lovely eardrop,
but the other one had been lost*

GRANDMOTHER and Grandfather lived in the big brick house with the deep yard and the tall old trees. Mary, Lucetta, and Ann lived with their father and mother in the little white house on the other side of the orchard. Grandfather drove every day to his office in town; Father managed the farm on which stood the big brick house and the little white house.

The little house was so cozy small that it was no wonder that Mary, Lucetta, and Ann spilled over into the big house very often. It was convenient that Grandfather went to the office, for when he was at home the house was kept quiet so that he could read and rest and think. Grandmother really liked the noise of three little girls tearing through the house. They were welcome to help her stir up cookies in the kitchen, or string buttons from the button box, or play in the yard or the barn.

She kept a big clothesbasket full of old dresses and hats and slippers for them to dress up in and a delightful box of jewelry. It held the bright beads that someone had brought back from Mardi Gras in New Orleans, half a dozen brooches with only a few stones missing, and even a ring for each child.

One day Lucetta, very much dressed up in a trailing blue silk, found something even more exciting. There was a key in the one narrow drawer of Grandmother's bureau that was kept locked. Lucetta had never seen the key in the lock before. She turned it and the drawer slid open.

"O-oh!" squealed Lucetta, tiptoeing to look in. Her sisters ran to see what Lucetta had found.

"Lift me up. Let me see, too," begged Ann.

Mary, the oldest, stooped and lifted fat little Ann, and they all stared at the treasures in the drawer. Ann grabbed, but just too late. Mary let her slide to the floor. With one accord they raced down the back stairs to Grandmother.

"Grammy! Grammy!" they called. "We've found some jewelry! May we wear it?"

Grandmother went on with her pie-crust rolling.

"Where was it?" she asked.

"In the little drawer," said Lucetta. "I found it."

"It looked very grand," said Mary. "I thought maybe we oughtn't to touch it." Mary was old enough to think about such things.

"Wait till I put this pie in the oven," said Grandmother. "Then I'll go upstairs and tell you about it."

They danced ahead of her, and Lucetta had the drawer out of the bureau and on the bed before Grandmother came into the room where they had been dressing

Pictures by
Richard A. Holberg

REVISED BY
HOLBERG

up. Very gently Grandmother took out of Ann's hand what she was holding fast.

"That is your great-grandmother's cameo brooch," she said. "See the lady's head carved on it, Ann?"

She took up a pair of bracelets of yellow gold set with blue turquoises.

"My father gave me those when I was graduating from the academy," she said.

"In this box is the engagement ring that your grandfather gave me."

The little girls gazed with all their eyes. Mary was trying to imagine how Grandmother had looked when she was a young lady and wore these pretty things.

"I am saving them for you," said Grandmother. "When you are old enough to wear jewelry you may have them."

"I want the lady," said Ann.

"The bracelets would match my dress," Lucetta said longingly.

"You may have the lady, Ann. And, Lucetta, you may have the bracelets some day. That leaves my engagement ring for Mary. Mary is the oldest and ought to have it."

Mary gave one glance at the clear sparkle of the diamond, and then she touched with the tip of one finger something that had been hidden behind the ring box.

"I would rather have that," said Mary.

"If you don't mind," she added politely.

"That?" said Grandmother in surprise. She lifted from the drawer a single earring. It was set with a lovely pinky-purple amethyst, and from it little gold drops hung and swayed.

"But there's only the one," said Grandmother. "The mate to it was lost forty years ago, when it had just been given to me."

Mary touched the lovely eardrop gently. She had loved it at sight and was disappointed.

"Never mind," said Grandmother. "I cried for both of us when that was lost.

These eardrops were your grandfather's first engagement gift to me and I was very proud of them. My father had just finished building our big barn, and we gave a party in it before it was put into use."

"This barn?" asked Mary.

"This same barn. You know I've always lived here. It was a fine new barn with good floors. We played Virginia Reel and Old Dan Tucker by lantern light, and when we were tired and warm we climbed up into the hayloft and rested and watched the others dance."

"It was a fine party, but it was not the best place to have worn my new eardrops. I lost one that night, and though we hunted and hunted we never could find it. I'm afraid some cow ate it with her hay."

"Did Grandfather mind?" Mary asked. She knew that Grandfather minded very much when he had lost his spectacles or his paper knife.

Grandmother looked at her in a funny way. "Of course he minded. He had saved all winter to buy me those eardrops. And I should mind if you lost any of these, so I shall lock the drawer again and put away the key and you won't be tempted. Now I must see to the pie."

After the jewelry was put away it no longer seemed fun to dress up.

"I want to go out to the barn," Ann said suddenly, struggling out of the long dress into which her sisters had pinned her.

Their finery was back in the clothes-basket in no time, and they were off down the stairs again and out through the back yard to the barn.

It was a tall old barn. Above the main floor there were two stories of haylofts. A month later these would be crammed full of clover hay, but now there was only enough of last year's hay crop left in the mow to make a comfortable carpet over the hayloft floors.

Lucetta climbed the ladder first, then Ann, and last Mary, to catch Ann if she

should fall off the ladder, though Ann never did fall. When they had reached the first loft Ann begged to climb to the highest one, and up they went, with a delightful shivery feeling of great height.

This second loft ran down the middle of the barn under the peak of the roof. It was not built out to the eaves on either side. The children could look over the edge ten feet down to the loft below. Mary held Ann while she peeped down, and then she took her back to the gable window that overlooked the fields. The hay made a long slope down from the window toward the middle of the loft. Ann took to rolling down it with great glee. She grew warm and her curls were full of the sweet-smelling hay, but still she rolled and laughed and ran back and rolled again.

Mary thought of something that was even more fun. She could turn somersaults. Beginning at the top of the hay slope under the window she could turn three somersaults, one after the other, without coming near the edge of the loft.

Lucetta and Ann watched her performance twice. The third time Ann flung herself down the hay on Mary's track. Mary heard her coming and tried to look back as she slipped over. She did not succeed in seeing anything, but the twist threw her off her course. She heard Lucetta shriek and then she was sailing through space. She landed, very hard, ten feet down on the bay of the lower loft.

After a minute she sat up dizzily. The front tooth that had been a little loose was now more than a little loose. It came out between finger and thumb when she felt of it.

Lucetta still shrieked, holding fast to little Ann.

"Be still!" said Mary, her tongue in the place where the tooth had been. "Don't let Ann fall on me."

"Are you broken?" Lucetta sobbed.

(Continued on page 280)

A group of calves scattered before her as she ran



Tree House Treasure

By Janice Beckwith

You boost Ginger from down there, and we'll pull," ordered Ted from his perch on top of the old stone wall. He and David leaned as far over the edge as they dared. Each gave a hand to the little girl who was struggling to climb up, and with a suddenness that nearly sent the two boys tumbling off the other side of the wall, Ginger was on top.

"What are you going to do about us?" demanded Jo-Jo from below, scratching the ears of the big dog beside her. "There's no one to boost me except old Moose here, and he wouldn't be much good, I'm afraid."

Jo-Jo was finally pulled up, but poor Moose had to be left on the ground, where he stood wagging his tail and looking at the children hopefully. "Never mind, old boy," Ted called down to him. "We'll try to find a way to get you up to the tree house when the real fun begins."

"But we have to build the tree house first," added Ginger for Moose's benefit.

Now that they were on the wall, the thick branches of the huge old oak tree which spread in front of them were low enough to be within easy reach. Ted swung himself onto a limb while the others looked at the tree itself in wonder. From where its aged trunk was rooted just inside the wall, it stretched so high and was so widespread that Jo-Jo exclaimed as she gazed upward, "I can't even see the sky!" Almost half of the old tree overhung Ted's and Ginger's yard.

"I'll bet we can make a tree house with different rooms in it, because there's such an awful lot of branches," said Ginger.

"Not quite that," Ted cried. "But we sure will build a swell one."

He helped Ginger to a big crotch which made a safe and comfortable nest, and the four settled themselves to planning exactly how the tree house was to be made. They decided that with some boards which David and Jo-Jo could get from the pile behind their garage, they would build a platform first. They could borrow a saw from Ted's and Ginger's father, and David had a hammer and nails. Ted pointed out the large branches growing off from the main trunk to which the floor boards could be nailed, and then David suggested how some

smaller limbs could be used for seats. At this place Jo-Jo interrupted suddenly, "But we can't build it on the other side of the wall. That part of the tree belongs to the Southard's, and old Sarah Southard is back."

There was a stunned silence, and then Ted said, despair in his voice, "Oh, boy! I'd forgotten! The whole tree belongs to her if its trunk is on her side of the wall! The whole thing!"

It was true. In their excitement over finding such a grand spot for their tree house they had forgotten that the tree, whose great branches shaded the yard, was not theirs. It grew inside the grounds of the old Southard home into which had recently moved a strange old woman who was supposed to be the last of the Southard family.

"Well," said Ted slowly, "I guess we're where we haven't any right to be, and we'll either have to go ask Miss Southard if we can build our tree house or give up the whole idea."

After much argument, the four decided that they'd risk going to see the elderly woman. No one in the neighborhood knew much about her, except that she had come back to the old place after years of absence and lived all alone in one downstairs room of the boarded-up house, and that she looked cross and was bent over

like a Halloween witch. When each of the children, in turn, refused to be the one to ask for permission to build the tree house, it was finally settled that they would all go together. Ted promised to do most of the talking, because he was the oldest.

"Let's see her quick before we get scared," said Jo-Jo.

Scrambling down from the wall, they started off through the yard toward a great gray house which could be seen half-hidden among high, overgrown hedges and untrimmed shrubs. They pushed through the tangle of weeds and brush until they stood at the back of the house, where some faded curtains at a window and an open door showed that this must be where Miss Southard was living. After several pauses and much whispering, Jo-Jo knocked on the door casing.

Suddenly Ted took a deep breath and drew himself up very straight and tall. A queer tapping sounded, and a bent old woman, who was leaning heavily on a cane, came to the door. She looked sharply over the tops of her glasses and seemed quite surprised to see the four young people.

"We—a—how do you do?" asked Ted politely. When Miss Southard said nothing and just kept looking at him, the boy went on. "I am Ted Burr, and this is my sister, Ginger. We live next door to you—that is, over the wall. These other two are

Adventure beckons over an old stone wall

Pictures by Florence Chonte



Each gave a hand to the little girl



Jo-Jo and David Foster, who live on down the street from us."

To the surprise of the children, the small crippled woman quit her staring all at once, and her wrinkled face broke into a smile. "Won't you come in and sit down?" she asked pleasantly.

As they entered the room, Ginger, who had been nearly bursting with pride over her big brother's speech, whispered to Jo-Jo, "She's not a bit cross, is she?"

"Keep still," answered the older girl, giving Ginger a warning pinch.

When they were all seated, Ted explained the reason for their presence. Sarah Southard listened carefully, letting her eyes rest on first one and then another of her visitors. "So you want to make a tree house in my old oak, do you?" she exclaimed. "And you've got everything all planned. I can't see's there'd be any harm in it."

"We wouldn't bother you a bit if we could make it there," promised David. "It's a swell place."

"Yes, it's nice over on that side of the grounds," the old lady nodded. "Why, I used to play there myself when I was just about your age," and she smiled at Ginger, who grinned back at her.

Miss Southard continued thoughtfully, "Goodness, I used to play there with my favorite doll, whose name was Elspeth. She was made of rags and had only one eye, which was a black shoe button."

"You lived here years ago, didn't you?" asked Jo-Jo to make conversation.

"Yes, my dear, when I was a little girl—and now, again, when I'm an old woman. You see, when I was small, I lived here with my mother while father was away fighting under General Lee."

"That must have been during the War between the States," exclaimed David, who knew his history.

"Yes, you're right," Sarah Southard agreed with a faraway look in her eyes. "My father was killed in battle. Those were sad days."

"Did the soldiers do anything to this town?" asked Ted, thoroughly interested.

"Not just then, but people thought they were going to," she answered. "I remember how I came into the big front room here one day, and Mother told me that the soldiers might come and take our things and search our house or even burn it, but that I was not to be frightened when it happened. I can see it all so plainly," the old woman went on. "Mother handed me Elspeth, whom she had been mending, and told me to be brave and take good care of the rag doll if the soldiers came. She knew I cared a lot about the doll, and I suppose she thought I wouldn't be afraid myself if I was thinking about protecting Elspeth."

"And did the soldiers come?" asked David.

"Not until after worse things had happened," old Miss Southard said. "In only a few days Mother died very suddenly. Everything went wrong for me. I even lost Elspeth just before I had to go away, when some boys took her in order to tease me. I was sent to live with an aunt. The soldiers came through after I left, but didn't harm the house any, although they did burn the stables."

With a start, Miss Southard suddenly got unsteadily to her feet and said, "I don't know why I've talked so. I guess when you get my age and don't have many callers you just can't help talking."

"We've loved it," said Jo-Jo, "and thank

you for letting us build our tree house."

During the next two afternoons the four pulled and hauled and sawed and hammered. And finally the floor of the tree house was finished. David flopped down on it with a sigh, and the girls followed his example. Even little Ginger was tired out, although her "helping" had usually meant that she was in someone else's way.

Ted gathered up the tools and sack of nails and looked around for a place in which to hide them. "If we put them somewhere here where they'll be safe, we won't have to cart them home and then back again tomorrow," he remarked.

Jo-Jo pointed out the curved stump of a big broken-off limb and said, "Put 'em in there. It's hollow inside, and the rain can't get to them."

With this last problem solved, Ted, too, sat down, and the four began to talk about how the tree house would look when it was finished.

"Won't it be swell?" cried Ginger. "I'll bet Miss Southard would like it if she could get up here with us."

"It's too bad she can't," said Jo-Jo. "I wish we could do something nice for her."

"What could we do?" asked David.

"She looked awfully poor," said Ginger.

Ted said, "Yes, everything seemed terribly bare when we were in there. I'll bet she doesn't have half enough to eat."

And then Jo-Jo had one of her ideas. She suggested that they make up a basket of goodies for Miss Southard. Jo-Jo could cook, and her mother, who had been intending to call on her neighbor, would add other things of her own making. Mrs. Burr would help too. What fun it would be!

"Now all we have to plan is how to get those up into our house," said Ginger.

At first the boys said that it couldn't be done because the dog was so big. Then Ted had an idea and climbed down to carry out his plan. He got a hushel basket and fastened it to a clothesline which he threw over a large branch near the platform. It took some coaxing to make the old hound stay in the basket long enough to take the dangerous ride, and even more pulling to get him out. Even then he didn't seem to be very happy.

"He ought to be a bad dog and then maybe he'd feel at home up here," said David.

On the next afternoon, as soon as Mose had again been pulled up to the platform, Ted suggested, "Well, I guess we'd better fix some seats now. Where'd I put that hammer and saw?"

"In the hollow limb," answered Jo-Jo. "I'll get them."

After she had passed them over to David, she stuck her arm into the hole again with a puzzled frown on her face. "There's something else in there," she said as she pulled out an object that was soft and floppy.

"It's a doll!" squealed Ginger.

Sure enough, it was an old dirty rag doll. It had on a long, old-fashioned dress. Rags were falling out of one leg where the covering had broken, and one eye was missing.

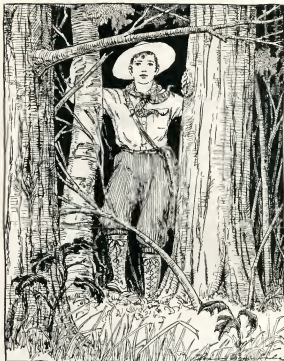
"This must be Elspeth!" cried Jo-Jo.

[Continued on page 276]

Lookout Trail

By Cora E. Van Deusen

Pictures by Eleanor O. Eadie



When a visit from a friend was needed

TOMMY wiped the towel around his neck, hung it up, and snapped his new suspenders. "Besides," he was saying, "I'm not young any more, for I'm twelve years old and yesterday I caught ten big trout."

"That you did, and here are some of them," said his mother. Mrs. Burns placed the trout all crisp and brown upon the platter. "But—"

"And Mr. Fitzpatrick says he gets lone-some up there, and it's only twelve miles. I can walk twelve miles. I could walk twenty miles if I wanted to."

"There are lots of things that you do not think about, Tommy. There are wild animals in the country."

"I'm not afraid of bears. Bears aren't half as bad as people pretend. I'd like to meet one. Uncle George saw one last year, and all it did was to go *woof, woof* and just turn and run away."

Mrs. Burns sighed as she filled Tommy's glass with milk. "Well," she said. "If you are sure—I'll see—"

"Whoopee!" cried Tommy, knowing the battle was won.

Next morning Tommy and his mother were up and had breakfast early. Mrs. Burns gave him a big lunch to take along. She knew how hungry a boy gets when out on a long trip. By six o'clock, Tommy was ready to start.

"We never know when we start on any kind of a trip what may happen on the way or before we return," said Mrs. Burns in bidding him good-by. "When a boy is man enough to take a trip like this all alone, he is man enough to decide what he ought to do and to do it, should an emergency arise."

"Right," said Tommy. "I'll keep cool and think hard and fast if anything happens. But it won't. Don't you worry."

It had been Tommy's dream for two years to visit Carl Fitzpatrick, the "look-out man." He was stationed away up on a high peak and he kept watch for forest fires. He was miles and miles away from anyone. He lived in a little square house that had windows all the way round, so he could see in every direction. There was a cupola on the top where he could go higher when he wanted to see farther. When he spotted a fire, sometimes miles and miles away in the thick part of the forest—and usually there were several after a severe thunderstorm—he phoned the ranger at his station.

Tommy loved the woods. When he grew up he was going to be a forest ranger.

Then he could be out in the forest all the time.

The trail was not steep at first, and he made excellent time during the cool morning hours.

The western yellow pine trees were mammoth ones, it seemed to Tommy. He knew by the reddish color of the bark and the long green needles in bundles of two and three the kind of trees they were. He knew, too, that next to the western white pine no tree in the Lolo Forest yielded finer lumber.

The forest was so dense that he hardly saw the sun. He went on up the trail, a lone figure in khaki breeches, a big bandkerchief about his neck and a broad-brimmed hat. At ten he rested and ate part of his lunch. He was thankful for the wrist watch his grandfather had given him for Christmas. It was company to know the time.

After a long hour's rest, he started on up the path. It was fast becoming steep, and Tommy's feet were a little heavier than they had been early in the morning. As the way grew steeper, he loitered more, stopping often to rest and get his breath. It was so pleasant in the woods that he really did not care to go faster as long as he reached the station before dark.

Long shadows were falling in the forest

when Tommy reached the lookout station on the top of a high peak. He was tired, but he had had a wonderful trip through the forest. As the trail led around the corner of the cabin, he came suddenly upon his friend Fitzpatrick lying sprawled awkwardly on the ground by the cabin steps. The man was startled at the sound of footsteps. Turning his head slightly on his rocky pillow, he recognized his young friend. Tommy had never seen such a change of expression before—such a look of relief and joy on the face that had been so pale and tragic.

Tommy knew something terrible had happened. He threw himself down on the ground beside his friend. "What's the matter?" he asked anxiously. A spasm of pain crossed Fitzpatrick's face, but he answered.

"Broke my leg, Tommy. Fell this morning while I was out trying to fix the telephone wire. It's down. I must have fallen very hard. I crawled two miles back to the station here—but you see I couldn't make it up the steps with a broken leg." Tommy noticed there were five steps. He swallowed hard. Fitzpatrick all alone for hours and badly hurt. "I'm glad I came," he said.

"How did you happen to be here,

Tommy? I knew that someone would come eventually when they did not hear from me, but I expected to stay here until some time tomorrow."

Tommy explained. "I've been wanting to see you for a long time. I begged Mother until she finally consented."

Fitspatrick reached over and gave him a friendly pat; but even at so small a movement, his face tightened with pain. "You're a swell boy, Tommy, to walk twelve miles alone through a forest—just to see a friend."

"I am glad I came," Tommy repeated awkwardly, lacking words to express his real feelings.

"So am I glad, Tommy."

They were both quiet for a moment. Tommy was thinking hard. What was the quick, the best thing to do? What would help most? It was Fitspatrick who spoke first.

"I've lain here now about seven hours and I'd like some coffee."

"I can make coffee. I've made it for Mother sometimes. Then I'll go back down for help. You can't lie here like this. We've got to get a doctor." Tommy stood up with a look of determination upon his face.

"All right. Make the coffee and then we will talk it over. Aren't you pretty tired?" Fitspatrick's face was pale and drawn. It frightened Tommy to look at him.

"Oh, no," he said quickly. "That is, I won't be after I've had my supper. Let me get a pillow."

Tommy fixed supper for his friend and carried it out to him. Then he went back in to eat his own hasty supper.

It was beginning to grow dark when Tommy finished eating. He brought a blanket to cover Mr. Fitspatrick from the cool mountain air. The injured man tried hard to conceal his pain, but Tommy knew that he was suffering a great deal.

"Well, how do you feel now, Tommy?" the man asked anxiously, as Tommy rose to go.

"I feel just fine. Not a bit tired." Tommy was tired, but he would not have admitted it for anything.

"Did you see that telephone booth as you came up?"

"Yes, I did. I remember it well. It was right beside the trail."

"Well, it is five miles to lie. Can you make it?"

"Surely I can."

"Get the flashlight. You haven't any coat. Put on my sweater. You'll need it. Be careful about keeping the trail. When you get there ring until you get an answer."

"I can go pretty fast."

"Don't hurry. You might stumble, and remember, you have to make the climb back. You're a brave boy, Tommy. I am proud of you."

"It will be easy," said Tommy. Then he was off down the trail. "Don't worry," he called back. "I'll get there."

Darkness had enveloped the mountains before Tommy had gone half a mile. The flashlight was a powerful one, and it made the trail bright. Tommy had never been afraid in the woods, but when his eyes wandered from the lighted trail the blackness was a wall on either side of him.

The wind stirred the trees just enough to make queer noises. It was terribly lonesome. The shrubbery along the trail's



"I'll keep cool. Don't you worry," said Tommy

edge took the shape of goblins ready to spring at him, and he wondered whether if he really met a bear, it would run. The trail was so steep in places that he had to hold back to keep from running. To run, he knew, would never do. He kept his eyes on the light and followed the trail cautiously, thinking hard all the time that he must get to the telephone. He must get help for Carl Fitspatrick, who was lying helpless with a broken leg.

Funny how it happened just when Carl's own telephone was out of commission. It would have been easy enough just to telephone from there. "Wasn't it lucky that Mother let me come. I'm not afraid—and I'm not a bit tired."

And now, every few minutes, he stopped and played his flashlight to find the telephone booth that had been erected early in the summer for emergency use. Fitspatrick had told him to begin looking for it as soon as he crossed the creek. It wasn't very far from the little bridge. Tommy knew that he was nearing it, for the gurgling of the creek that sounded so clearly in the night was behind him. It was company to hear its merry sound. A few more steps. A few more pauses to play his flashlight along the border of the trail, and at last—there the telephone booth was.

Tommy was excited. Almost too excited

to talk when, after a few minutes ringing, he got Ranger Mack.

"Oh, Ranger Mack," he said. "This is Tommy Burns. I am up at the booth on Lookout Trail. Fitspatrick broke his leg. He is lying outside the station. He broke it this morning when he was trying to fix the telephone wire. He crawled back to the station."

Tommy didn't know that Ranger Mack knew all about his adventure to the lookout or that it was through a conversation with Mack that Mrs. Burns had been persuaded to let him go.

"And you're at the booth on Lookout Trail," Mack answered Tommy. "I'll start a couple of men and a doctor right away. Don't worry, Tommy. We'll send the airplane. Keep your nerve, boy, and watch the trail on the way back. Tell Fitspatrick we'll be there soon. Good-by."

Tommy hung up with a sigh of relief. Even if he didn't get back to the lookout cabin himself, help would come to Fitspatrick. That much at least was sure.

Even so, he must go back.

Wearily he trudged up the long trail. He was so tired that every step was agony, but he struggled on. Oh, how he wanted to stop right on the mountain and lie down and go to sleep. The way in some places was very steep. He had not minded it in the morning, but now it was with great difficulty that he climbed it. He had to keep going. He had to get back to Fitspatrick to tell him they were coming in an airplane for him. And to give him more coffee and see that nothing harmed him. He wouldn't give up. He hurried a little in places that were not so steep. He went on and on. He was so tired that he was not afraid of the darkness or of the lonely night. Wearily step by step he dragged out the five miles and finally ascended the path to the top of the hill where the lookout cabin was stationed.

Tommy rounded the corner of the cabin with stumbling feet. He was so weary and exhausted that he hardly knew what he was doing when he knelt down beside the injured man and told him the news. He realized vaguely that his job was finished, as he passed his friend more coffee and brought another blanket.

"They're coming. They're coming in an airplane," he repeated drowsily. The next instant he was asleep. Fitspatrick reached clumsily and spread part of the blanket over the sleeping boy.

"A great boy—that Tommy."



"What's the matter?" he asked anxiously

IT'S FUN TO TRAVEL in the United States



The rocky coast of Monterey Peninsula in California is one of the famous beauty spots of America.

Southern Pacific Photo



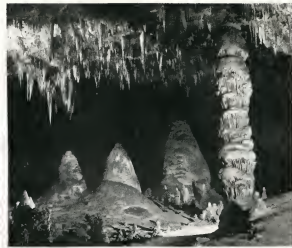
Friendly bears in Yellowstone Park act as if they were trying to do funny tricks to amuse the visitors.

Courtesy Northern Pacific Ry.



The Grand Canyon is one of the scenic wonders of the world. The depth of the canyon from its rim to the Colorado River is more than a mile.

Courtesy Santa Fe System



Southern Pacific Photo

Visitors can scarcely believe their eyes as they look at the strange formations in Carlsbad Caverns, New Mexico.



On the ranches in the West no one is too young to ride a horse and wear a "ten-gallon" cowboy hat.

Courtesy the Ambassador Hotel



Photograph from the New England Coast

The East has many famous vacation spots, too. These boats are getting ready for a race at Cohasset, Massachusetts.



Courtesy Great Northern Railway Company

A girl from Shining Mountain Camp, in Glacier Park, is being adopted into their tribe by Blackfeet Indians.



Washington State Progress Commission Photo

The slopes of snow-capped Mount Rainier in Washington are a delightful place to spend a vacation.



Photo by Irving Gallaway

Millions of people have visited Niagara Falls. They are among America's oldest and best-known vacation spots.

The Story of Tatters

By Kathleen J. Bickler

Pictures by the author

1. Tatters was a little pup who lived all alone. One morning he was hungry and he hadn't any bone.



2. So off poor Tatters started along the sunny street, with nothing on his puppy mind but what he hoped to eat.



4. And though he felt exceeding glum, this brave, heroic pup knew that no bone is ever found by weakly giving up.



3. He dug where bones might well be hid; he searched the dump in vain; he looked in empty garbage pails, and looked and looked again.



5. So on he walked till presently he heard some laughter gay and saw young Pete and Patsy both happily at play.



6. "Hi, let me help you!" Tatters barked. "I'm good at ball, I can—" But just then Patsy missed the ball. And after it she ran



8. He leaped, he grabbed, he pulled her back in quite a noble way. A motor car was coming fast, but Tatters saved the day!



10. "The bravest dog that ever lived!" So everyone agreed, when Pete and Patsy told of gallant Tatters' noble deed.



7. Right out into the busy street where motor cars sped by—but Tatters failed to rescue her in the twinkling of an eye.



9. Patsy's mother scolded, but Peter with delight thought Patsy's dress in Tatters' mouth was quite a funny sight.



11. And so, because this little tale is really good and clever, Tatters got his breakfast, and a happy home forever!

Barber Shops

I found out something yesterday I never knew before—
Why barber shops put great big sticks of candy by the door?
The reason is, if you sit still, there in the barber's chair,
You get a stick of candy when he cuts off your hair!



Poems by Dixie Willson

Pictures by Decie Merwin

The Jar of Jam

You're not supposed to touch the jar
That's full of jam that's up too far.
When you have butter on your bread
You wish that it was jam instead,
But when the dishes from the shelf
And pans and cans and you yourself
And groceries from the grocery store
Are down upon the kitchen floor,
And black and blue is all you've got,
Then you remember that you're not
Supposed to ever touch the jar
That's full of jam that's up too far!



Lonesome

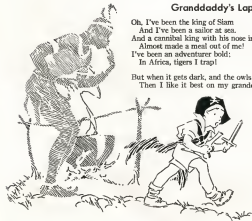
I look out of my windows when the night is black as ink,
I look out past the shadows of the sleepy trees and think
How lonesome all the little paths must be inside the park,
The gates locked up, and everything so quiet in the dark!
The little lake, the walks, the grass are lonesome as can be
For all the baby buggies—and the little dogs—and me!



Granddaddy's Lap

Oh, I've been the king of Siam
And I've been a sailor at sea,
And a cannibal king with his nose in a ring
Almost made a meal out of me!
I've been an adventurer bold:
In Africa, tigers I trap!

But when it gets dark, and the owls are outside,
Then I like it best on my granddaddy's lap



Diana Gwen Marie!

My mother calls me "Sugar Plum,"
My granny calls me "Sis."
My dad calls me "Penelope,"
The cook just calls me—"Miss."

But when I wear my plumes and pearls
And meet myself at tea
Then I'm Her Gracious Ladyship
Diana Gwen Marie!



Scarecrow Jake and Jocko

By Belle Coates

Pictures by Elizabeth Orton Jones

The scarecrow in Farmer Jake's cornfield yawned and flapped his hands wearily. "Nothing happens," he sighed. "I've stood for hours and not one crow has come by."

"I heard Jake Junior tell Fraser Junior that a circus is coming to town today and that it will pass by our cornfields," said the scarecrow in Farmer Fraser's cornfield.

"You don't say!" exclaimed Scarecrow Jake, perching up. "I like circuses."

"Don't I know it!" scolded his neighbor. "That's all you talk about, circuses, and nothing ever happens."

"I'd scare crows happily to the end of my days if I could once see a circus," Scarecrow Jake said wistfully. "I'd give half of my straw stuffing to see a real clown and a live monkey."

"You won't have a chance to give even one straw of your stuffing," said Scarecrow Fraser. "You can't see the monkeys and clowns, for they'll be in the wagons."

"Just my luck," groaned Scarecrow Jake, sagging disappointedly against his pole.

"Here they come now!" cried Scarecrow Fraser. He liked circuses, too.

"The first wagon is red!" cried Scarecrow Jake excitedly. "With yellow trimmings!"

Scarecrow Jake hardly noticed the trimmings. He was looking for a funny clown face and a little hairy brown monkey face.

The circus wagons came rumbling on, gleaming and gorgeous. The circus wagons went rumbling by, gorgeous and gleaming. The last one passed, and Scarecrow Jake leaned sadly against his pole. Not a single clown or monkey had he seen.

But wait! Could that be a monkey, a little brown monkey with a saucy face, climbing up a stalk of corn down the row directly in front of him? Scarecrow Jake blinked. No, he was just seeing things—

"Hi!" called Scarecrow Fraser suddenly. "I have a monkey in my cornfield!"

Then Scarecrow Jake knew he was not seeing things. "So be it!" he shouted, beaming at the little creature as it swung gaily from cornstalk to cornstalk, and not bothering to wonder how it got there.

Above the monkey's chatter he heard Scarecrow Fraser shrieking proudly, "I have a clown in my cornfield!"

Scarecrow Jake turned to look, and wonder of wonders! There was a polka-dotted clown turning flipflops in his cornfield!

Then suddenly a legion of circus folk was swarming into the cornfields, poking about as if looking for something.

There was the ringmaster shouting orders. There was the fat lady puffing up Scarecrow Jake's very row. There was the pretty bareback rider in her dainty skirts, while four lean, brown cowboys went whooping past him on their cayuses.

There was the bandmaster pounding his drum; a dog and a Shetland pony . . .

"Jocko and Socio have escaped from the monkey wagon!" the shout went up. "Find Jocko and Socio!" And all the circus people, looking very gay, as if they liked being in a cornfield, began dashing around, laughing and chattering as they hunted.

"So that is it," thought Scarecrow Jake, and he looked at the little brown monkey hanging on the cornstalk in front of him. The little brown monkey seemed worried at the hubbub. Scarecrow Jake guessed he was having the time of his life and didn't wish to be found.

Then Scarecrow Jake saw the wire walker in red tights climbing a telephone pole at the side of the road. He was looking sharply this way and that.



"There is Socio!" he cried, pointing into Farmer Fraser's cornfield. Socio was surrounded and captured at once.

Scarecrow Fraser looked disappointed.

Then the wire walker looked into Scarecrow Jake's cornfield. In another moment the wire walker would spy Jocko. Jocko would be captured. Jocko and the galloping cowboys and flipfopping clowns would go back to their wagons and the circus would be over for Scarecrow Jake. And the brief vacation would be over for Jocko, and all the circus people.

Scarecrow Jake did some quick thinking. Then he winked at Jocko, a friendly inviting wink. Jocko understood. He climbed the pole and crawled under Scarecrow Jake's coat and cuddled down in the straw stuffing. No one had seen. The search went on.

For a full hour Scarecrow Jake and his neighbor enjoyed such a circus as they had never dreamed of seeing. It seemed to Scarecrow Jake that every clown in the show turned handspins down his row. They yelled and laughed and cracked jokes.

One trumpy looking fellow stopped and shook Scarecrow Jake's hand. "Good morning, brother," he said to Scarecrow Jake. Scarecrow Jake grinned delightedly.

No telling how long the performance would have gone on had not Jocko peeped through Scarecrow Jake's buttonhole just as the Shetland pony came galloping down the row. This was Jocko's cue to jump upon the Shetland's back and do his tricks.

[Continued on page 285]





"Gone with the Wind" inspired this dress. Fitted, pointed bodice, very full skirt with petticoat edging, in just the fabrics—batistes, flock dot voiles, percales, and striped and pin checked sheers—that make it right for hot vacation afternoons. In wine, navy and royal. In sizes 10-16 and 7-14, it sells around \$2.00.

Clothes

FOR TRAVEL AND VACATION PLAY

By Carolyn T. Radnor-Lewis

Fashion Editor, Child Life



Peggy Zinke and Lynn Mary Odham, NBC radio actresses

NBC Photo

Strenuous sports such as badminton call for clothes in quality fabrics, expertly tailored, like the Huckleberry Finn overalls in sailcloth, dusty grape with dusty pink trim to match the shirt; blue with yellow; water blue with bittersweet; canna peach with chartreuse. In sizes 6-16 at \$3.95. And the man-o-war shorts and shirt in silverpump, faded blue, skipper blue, rust and green, pencil stripe and plain. In sizes 7-14 at \$2.95.



Photo by Marvin Stephenson

As active as a monkey! In his all-wool Scotty Kote, just like Dad's. Tightly knit of shaggy naphthalated Arlingcrest yarn, this sweater fits closely, stretches far and wide, always springing back to its original snug fit. In sizes 6-16, in blue or camel heather mixture, the price is \$3.95.



All-wool controlastex, two-way stretch bathing suits. The two-piece (left) comes in cruise, rose, yellow, in sizes 7-16. The one-piece maillot with half skirt (right) almost hidden by the sports cotton shirt (red and blue with white, sizes 8-16, \$1.65), is in cruise, wine and coral, in sizes 10-16. Both are \$3.95. The doll's hat, straw colorfully embroidered in chenille, can be worn at sports events (\$1.65). Mesh sandals with thick cork soles in sizes 10-3 and 3-7 are \$1.95; with extra thick soles, red and blue, sizes 3-7, \$3.25. At Lord & Taylor's and all the stores selling Younger Crowd Fashions.

NOTICE TO READERS: We'll gladly give you information on these clothes—send us fascinating spring and summer catalogues—or shop for you, but in order not to be disappointed, please order promptly. Send check or money order (no C.O.D.'s) to Fashion Editor, CHILD LIFE Magazine, 111 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

Fashion Flash

Ensembles in sturdy preshrunk cottons, combinations of rayon, flannels, and naphthalated wool . . . plain and exotically patterned, always vibrant in color . . . glamorous contrasts, and natural, vividly accented . . . slacks the big news . . . overalls short and long, shorts, and gay striped or checked shirts, action back and convertible neck, to mix and match with hooded boleros, butcher boy jackets, terry cloth capes, swing skirts to zip on, and sleeveless princess dresses to button over . . . sun suits delightfully feminine, beruffled and bowed, with matching bonnets and bags . . . swim suits of all wool elastic knot and maillots of latex satin vie with dressmaker suits of printed cottons.



Here are two of the Grand Canyon play togs the lucky contestants in the Vacation Contest are going to win and enjoy. All are made in preshrunk Sanforized denim, flecked with the novel colorings the Grand Canyon takes on from morn till eve, morning blue, sun yellow, canyon rust, earth brown. In sizes 6-16, the slacks with cuff bottom, \$1.69; the shirts, \$1.00-1.25; the clam-digger overall, \$1.98, and shortall, \$1.69. The juvenile editions, sizes 3-6X, are slacks, \$1.00; overall, \$1.59; shorts and shirt \$1.00 each.



Pattern No. 3155



Pattern No. 3284

For these outdoor togs be sure to select Sanforized preshrunk cottons, guaranteed fast to sun and tub. The little sun suit, practical in plain and figured fabrics, is open in the back to the sun's health-giving rays and has the sunbonnet to protect the face. Pattern No. 3155 comes in sizes 2-4-6.

Bub claims the overalls as his, but Sister knows she has an equal right, and both fancy them in sailcloth, denim, or the striped seersucker that doesn't have to be ironed. Pattern No. 3284 comes in sizes 1-2-4-6-8. Patterns sell for 25c each.



Osa Johnson (Mrs. Martin Johnson), whose explorations the children know from their books and movies, has designed for them a Jungle Wardrobe such as she wore on her safaris. Service-giving, yet feminine, in Nairobi cloth, a rough linen-like Sanforized cotton, in typical African colorings, with the baby elephant, zebra, giraffe, leopard, monkey, and lion as decoration. The slack suit, Uganda (beet-root red) slacks topped with Acacia (chartreuse yellow) here of Simba (gold), with new-type shorts, attached draped bra top, open back, and jacket in sizes 8-16 and 12-20. Both retail for \$2.95.



Among the many articles—shells, native flowers, and fruits—inspiring Truman Bailey, the artist and author, for the designs of Polynesian Heitici fabrics and fashions, the "tapa" is the most unusual. Shown in this cotton ensemble of sun suit, coat-dress, and coolie hat in combinations of white with Makapu blue, with red hibiscus, and with Luna Reef green, in sizes 3-6X at \$2.95.

Girls take pride in looking their best when traveling, and they will in this gray, pure linen jumper—crease resistant so it is practical, trimmed with rickrack braid—and yellow linen blouse. Sizes 8-14, the price is \$10.95 at Lord & Taylor's. May be had in any color combination on ten days' notice. The yellow linen hat (also pink and blue) zips up the back for washing and is \$1.95.

Children's Meals for Travel and Vacation

By Mary Isabel Barber

Poetry Editor, *Child Life*



Eating lunch on a new streamline train

Southern Pacific Photo



Family picnics are fun

Courtesy H. J. Heinz Company

ALL across our country people, this year, have a Fair to the right of them and a Fair to the left of them—both volleying and thundering their attractions. The inevitable result is a trek of parents and children to the east or west coast to see the wonders which have been gathered together. Trains, planes, cars, and trailers are taxed to capacity and each mode of travel carries, with the passengers, problems of food for the children.

Travel is exciting for persons of every age, but adults are not upset so easily as children when meal hours, bedtime, and regular habits are interfered with. Parents have to make every effort to let nothing short of an emergency put off meals and rest periods if they want good-natured children whom others will enjoy. All of us have had experience with youngsters who are absolute pests on trains, but who would be sweet and friendly at home. This is usually because the mother has not talked over the trip with the child so that he expects a rest period. The wise mother also brings along some games, stories, scissors for cutting out pictures, and one or two favorite toys.

Even meals can be played up when the trip is being planned. "You will love eating on the train. It goes so fast that a sandwich eaten very slowly will sometimes last from one station to the next." "As a treat for supper on the train you may have some tomatoes with your scrambled eggs, and ice cream for dessert." "For dinner there may be a lamp chop with a frill around its leg." Some railroads have special menu cards for children. If you do not find them on your diner, order simple dishes as nearly like the home ones as possible.

Automobile travel is difficult because activity is so limited and short legs do get tired hanging over the edge of a wide seat. Let the children get out every time you buy gas so that they can stretch and run about a little if this is safely possible. Don't buy them candy, gum, ice cream, or what-not at every stop, because this will upset digestion, blunt the appetite for regular meals, and establish a precedent which is difficult to overcome. A good rule is to stop driving by five every day in time to shop around for a pleasant place to stay. There will then be opportunity for cleaning up before supper and the children can have a little play before an early bed hour.

If you are not taking a trip this summer, plan some all-day outings for the children. There is no better fun than a whole day in the country. Find a place where drinking water is state approved, where bathing or wading is safe, and where there are no tempting hazards such as high swings and not-too-clean food stands. Take a charcoal stove or a grill for cooking over an open fire. Let the children help as much as possible and allow them to toast bread and marshmallows. One hot dish is desirable. This can be made at the picnic or reheated after you get there. Chowders, meat stews, scrambled eggs, casserole dishes, and spaghetti are a few of the many possibilities. Any one of these, toast, a green salad, milk to drink, and cookies or gingerbread form an appetizing meal.

Wherever you are, plan vacation meals with the same care you use during the school months. Discourage eating between meals, eating when too hot and tired, and eating unusual foods.

Children's Special Menus*

DINING CAR MENU

BREAKFAST		DINNER	
Sliced orange		Soup	
Corn flakes		Lamb chop	
Toast	Jelly	Buttered carrots	
Milk or cocoa		Baked potato	

SUPPER

Brown Bread	Egg salad	Butter
Milk	Sliced bananas	Cocoa

HOTEL MENU

BREAKFAST		DINNER	
Fruit juice	Jelly	Creamed chicken	
Choice of cereal		Buttered peas	
Bacon		Fruit salad	
Toast			
Milk or cocoa	Milk		

SUPPER

Spinach with poached egg	
Whole wheat bread	
Ice cream	
Milk	

TEA ROOM MENU

LUNCHEONS

Young gardeners' salad	
Nut bread	
Acropolis special ice cream	
Sunbeam sandwich	
(Fig, prune, date, honey filling)	
Milk	Cookies
Soldier boy salad	
(Peach filled with dates and nuts)	
Muffins	Milk
Fresh fruit	

*Taken from menus printed by these organizations.



Kedettes make news

Misses' and Children's—\$1.35 to \$1.75

A. Kedettes Saddle Oxford. All white; navy, brown, or red with white; and sand with brown. Wedge heel.

D. Kedettes Peasant Oxford. All white; navy or brown with white; navy with red; and sand with copper. Wedge heel.

B. Kedettes Moroccan Oxford. All white; navy, red, or brown with white; and copper with sand. Wedge heel.

E. Kedettes One-Strap Open-Toe Sandal. Print with navy or red. Wedge heel.

C. Kedettes Open-Toe Oxford. All white; navy with red or light blue; and copper with sand. Wedge heel.

F. Kedettes T-Strap Pump. All white; and white with red; and navy, red, or brown with white. Wedge heel.

They are not Kedettes unless the name Kedettes appears in the shoes. 12 color combinations in 6 styles for misses and children. 29 color combinations in 24 different styles.

United States Rubber Company

1790 Broadway, New York

Book Notes for Mothers

Muriel Fuller

Shells

WHAT SHELL IS THAT? by Percy A. Morris. (Appleton-Century) \$2.25

● Every vacationist, big or little, whose goal this summer is the seashore, should tuck this handy little book into his pocket. The author has collected shells from Pennsylvania to Newfoundland in his work for the Peabody Museum of Yale University, and he is famous for his nature photographs. Full descriptions, many photographs, and an index make this an invaluable book for anyone who collects shells, whether for beauty or as a shell expert. This is one of a series, others being *What Bird Is That? What Tree Is That? What Snake Is That?* by others, and *Nature Photography around the Year*, by Mr. Morris.

Birds

THE JUNIOR BOOK OF BIRDS, by Roger Tory Peterson. (Houghton Mifflin) \$2.00

● The author of this lovely book is the director of the educational program of the National Association of Audubon Societies. He tells all about twenty-three birds—food, nests, songs, where they live, etc. There are beautiful color illustrations of each bird, with many pen and ink illustrations. A companion book to the author's *A Field Guide to the Birds*. Takes along this book this summer when you are walking or driving through the country.

Biography

OUR FAMILY, by Adet and Ance Lin. (John Day) \$2.00

● The two older daughters of Lin Yutang, the famous Chinese scholar and author, have written a sprightly account of their family. The foreword and various comments in italics throughout are by the youngest daughter, Meimei, eight years old. They tell of China, Europe, and America, and the whole family can read this with huge enjoyment. It is undoubtedly a "read-aloud" book, so tuck this in the vacation bag.

THREE SISTERS, by Cornelia Spencer. (John Day) \$2.00

● This is a story that fairly shouted to be told—the biography of the famous Soong sisters. One of them is the widow of Dr. Sun Yat-sen; the other two are Madame Chiang Kai-shek and Madame H. H. Kung. Dr. Kung is head of the Chinese government. The three Soong brothers are in high positions in China, so it is really the story of a famous family. Another family book to take along for vacation reading. Incidentally, the author is Pearl Buck's sister. Drawings are by Kurt Wiese.

Poetry

MORE SILVER PENNIES, by Blanche J. Thompson. (Macmillan) \$1.25

● Rainy days come in every vacation, but this exquisite little book will lighten the clouds. A dozen years ago this anthologist, who is head of the English department of the Benjamin Franklin High School of Rochester, N.Y., compiled the now famous *Silver Pennies*.

Her new book is a fine companion for that one, and the charming drawings by Felacie Doune carry out the spirit of the notes that precede each poem. A must poetry book.

Theater

THEATRE FOR CHILDREN, by Winifred Ward. (Appleton-Century) \$3.00

● A comprehensive handbook for producing plays for child audiences, by one of the founders of the Children's Theatre of Evanston, Illinois, and its present director. Miss Ward gives a short history of the children's theater in many countries and tells how to organize one today. She also devotes a long chapter to the business of writing plays, and one to finding the right play. Then comes casting, directing, and actual production, with full instructions on costumes, properties, make-up, and the many other things involved, as well as advertising, publicity, and taking the plays to camps and clubs. An extraordinarily useful book. Any community contemplating a children's theater—and many are springing up all over the country—should first read this book.

Radio

STAND BY FOR THE LADIES, by Ruth Adams Knight. (Coward-McCann) \$1.75

● Radio is part of vacation as much as one's play clothes, because it goes along tucked in the car and is easily accessible. For every youngster who asks questions about the behind-the-scenes of radio and for every mother who is interested in the vast world that lies back of the "micro," Miss Knight has an answer. Author of many scripts herself, Miss Knight calls her book, the first one about what women have accomplished in radio, "the distaff side of radio," and tells of the women who write scripts, the executives, publicity women, those who do children's programs, and many others in humbler departments. The foreword is by Lenox R. Lohr, President of NBC, and there are amusing drawings by Eileen Evans.

The Dance

THE POWER OF DANCE, by C. Madeline Dixon. (John Day) \$3.50

● The author of *High, Wide and Deep*, which dealt with children's play, now takes up the dance and related arts for children. She tells how dancing is taught to children in the modern school and gives many helpful suggestions. Many of these dances may be done outdoors. "The Fields," "Under the Stars," etc., while others take up the city, religion, Christmas, etc. A section of twenty-four photographs in blue tone precedes the text. The author has studied and taught abroad and in this country, and she writes with directness and simplicity.

BOOK LIST SERVICE

Miss Fuller will be glad to prepare for mothers who desire them, special lists of books on any subjects. Address: Muriel Fuller, CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago.

Mixed Mysteries

(Continued from page 251)

seemed bubbling over with laughter. She said she was eager to share a joke.

"Such a funny thing has happened! You know little Sam Burton who lives next door to me? He told me he wanted to hatch some baby chicks in the old incubator in my tool shed. Well, I ordered the setting of eggs from a farmer who is a tenant of Mrs. James' uncle. I thought Sam knew how to go about the business, so I left him to his own devices. I find he didn't open the box I gave him—just set it in the incubator and turned on the warmth. But it wasn't chicks that hatched—it was maple syrup!"

"Maple syrup!" Mother exclaimed. "How strange!"

"Isn't it?" Mrs. Todd agreed. "Of course, the farmer made a ridiculous mistake and packed the box with maple sugar instead of eggs, and the heat—" Here she broke off laughing, without finishing the sentence: the telephone had begun to ring and Mother had got up to answer it.

Tim said nothing; he was thoughtfully silent.

Presently Mother came from the telephone. She was looking sober. "That was Mrs. Rose," she said. "Her cook just went to the refrigerator to get some maple sugar for a cake—and found my masquerade costume!"

"In her refrigerator?" Mrs. Todd gasped. "Yes," Mother said. "Tim, my dear—"

But Tim had stolen quietly out of the room and was racing upstairs toward the attic. With every step he was wondering, wondering—and recalling how the slips of paper with names on them had fallen from the boxes and he had quickly picked them up and stuck them under the twine.

Outside the attic door, he paused, listening. He was positive he detected a small sound inside. "Cheep, cheep!" A comforting small sound.

Wide-eyed, he rushed in. Yes, there was the box all right. He had removed the string to use for a top string and the flimsy lid had been pushed aside, and on the floor were tiny balls of yellow fluff moving about in the warm summer sunlight. "Cheep, cheep, cheep!"

Tim was downstairs in an instant, remorseful and apologetic. "I—I mixed the boxes," he cried and, grasping Mother and Mrs. Todd each by a hand, he dragged them after him to display his discovery in the attic.

Mrs. Todd laughed a great deal and so, after a moment, did Mother. Then finally Tim laughed, too. No real harm had been done. The baby chicks were alive and everyone said that it was almost a miracle, that a hatching of that kind only happened successfully once in a coon's age. Mrs. Rose had reported that the Spanish dress seemed not a bit damaged by its refrigeration, and the loss of the maple sugar wasn't at all important, particularly since it was Sam's fault the mistake hadn't been cleared up sooner. In fact, Mother suggested, some new maple sugar for Mrs. Rose would cost only sixty cents, and Tim remembered thankfully that he had sixty cents in his savings bank.



Arizona Dude Ranch

Courtesy of Abilene, Topham and Santa Fe Railway Co.



Whether you go to the seashore or a dude ranch this summer or just stay at home, you'll like having your own money to spend. And here's an easy way to earn what you need.

Right in your neighborhood and schoolroom you'll find lots of boys and girls who have never had the thrill of getting their own copies of *CHILD LIFE* in the mail. They don't know about Bertram, and they don't read the exciting serials or the other fine stories. They don't have the fun of working the puzzles or talking over with their mothers the clothes and hooks described each month in the Mother Service pages.

Tell your friends they can have *CHILD LIFE* for five months for only \$1.00. Ask them to let you send in their subscriptions. For every subscription you send, *CHILD LIFE* will send you 25c. Can you imagine an easier way to earn vacation money? Just fill in the names and addresses on the coupons and mail them with a dollar for each one, to *CHILD LIFE*, 536 So. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

These orders must be for other boys and girls. CHILD LIFE cannot send you a commission on your own subscription.



Sailing in New England

Photograph from the New England Council

Dear CHILD LIFE:

Here is \$1.00. Please send *CHILD LIFE* for the next five issues to:

NAME AGE

STREET

CITY STATE

Please send me the 25c as soon as possible.

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Here is \$1.00. Please send *CHILD LIFE* for the next five issues to:

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Do and Let Do

By Marie Falca

While this column is primarily a "mother's help," on the other hand it is fundamentally for child guidance. The child is to do the work, with mother as guide. We must help cultivate his self reliance and encourage his creative urges. To accomplish this, he must work out the projects himself, with only necessary explanations from the mother. "Do and Let Do"—"Do"—the mother's guidance—"Let Do"—the child's handwork.

No matter how crude the result, endeavor to see the child's viewpoint. Tell him how pleased you are, and if there is faulty construction, gently suggest the changes required. Above all, never criticize or allow the older children to make fun of what is a real achievement to Junior. Well I remember my first attempt at baking! Father was the only one with sufficient daring to eat thereof! How I worshipped him for not joining in the general laughter!

Every month we shall offer a problem in simple construction, with possibilities for elaboration by the gifted child.

Most children like to draw, or write, or cut out pictures. So let us have the child make his own envelope to care for this work.



To construct the one illustrated, use a sheet of heavy-weight construction paper 21 3/4" x 15". Lay out as above. Cut on the solid lines and fold on the dotted lines. After folding, as in (A), use library paste on the two side flaps and press to the back of the envelope. Do not let paste spread beyond the flaps. When the envelope is finished, it may be decorated with crayon or water-color paint. Initials may be placed on the back flap (B).



Encourage the child to make one for you in which to keep clippings, recipes, etc. After guiding the child in making the practice envelope, be sure to let him do all the work himself on the envelope "for keeps." The measuring, folding, and pasting will make him realize the necessity for accuracy and neatness.

The House of the Three Deer

(Continued from page 257)

Martin talked as he worked. The words came out thump-thump between the blows. "Lucky—I cut—some extra—stakes—when we—fixed—the weir—this spring."

When he went back to get more posts, Joan followed him and tried to carry one. It was too heavy to lift, but she found that she could drag it along the ground. So she brought the posts while Martin set them.

At supper time Buck and Bobo were waiting near the gate of the old deer yard, but again Bramble was missing.

Joan knelt by her window for a long time after she was supposed to be in bed. She could hear the surf pounding on the beach. A big orange moon had come up out of the sea. Now it hung above the shore like a great goblin face, and it was laughing at something. Probably it could see just where Bramble was hiding. Was he up on the hill browsing among the cedars? Or had he found a bed on the springy brown spruce needles among the green ferns? Perhaps he was down there at the edge of the meadow with the wild deer. It was almost as bright as day in the meadow, but at the fringe of the woods it seemed to Joan that she could see shadows moving.

Next morning the first thing Joan rushed to look at the vegetable garden. Several green rows were up, clear and straight. Radishes, peas, lettuce, carrots—all the tiny leaves were unfolding fast.

Joan hoped that the deer's garden had grown by moonlight, too. But would the deer really know which one was meant for them? Perhaps she ought tell them.

When she reported in the kitchen that the peas and radishes were getting big, Melissa nodded. "And the Kurst's garden is two days ahead, you may be sure. There'll be trouble yet, mark my word."

After breakfast Joan followed Martin again to help with the fence. The next step was to fasten some tall slender stakes to the solid posts. "So the fence will be about eight feet high," Martin said. "A deer can jump your ordinary fence."

Joan dragged the stakes from the pile while Martin fastened them in place. He whistled as he worked, and from the meadow a whistler answered with its clear sweet song.

Each time Joan brought a new stake for Martin, she had to pass near the little brook. It ran quietly among the alders with just a tiny whisper of sound. The water was silvery clear. It looked very cool and tempting. How good it would feel to her hot feet!

Martin could not put the stakes in place as fast as she brought them. When she saw that there were three stakes ahead for him, Joan slipped off her shoes and socks and stepped into the brook. My, but the water was cold! She squealed and hopped out. Martin laughed.

She brought another stake, then sat down and looked across the meadow. It was golden with buttercups.

Presently she saw Aunt Sue coming toward them. Her bright hair was golden, too, in the sun, but her steps spoiled the golden meadow, leaving a path of green where she trod down the buttercups.

She waved and called, "Bramble's come home, and it's time for dinner."

Joan caught up her shoes and socks and sped across the meadow. The grass felt strange to her bare feet. Bramble was browsing near the lilac bushes in the front yard. When she spoke his name, he flicked his tail and looked at her, but went right on eating. Joan waited until Aunt Sue had gone into the house. Then she went closer and whispered, "Bramble, did you find the garden that Martin planted just for you?"

He lifted his head and looked at her lightly and came a few steps nearer. Then he began to eat the grass close to her bare feet. Once his nose touched her ankle.

By mid-afternoon the stakes were all in place. Joan helped till they were done. Then Martin said he'd have to go to the village for staples before he could begin stretching the wire; so Joan went back to the house. As she turned the corner by the kitchen door, she heard Jack barking down near the vegetable garden. She gave a quick look and began to run. There was Bobo, nibbling at the young green things.

"Here, Bobo. Come, Bobo!" cried Joan. At first he paid no attention. Then he seemed to think it was a game. Instead of coming, he began to frisk and leap. Jack went tearing into the garden, and at last Bobo cowered out at the far end and began to browse in the meadow.

Joan went to see how much damage had been done. A row of peas was half gone. Everywhere were the prints of Bobo's small sharp hoofs.

Jack trotted beside Joan, sniffing and growling. Joan knew that he was saying, "Those troublesome deer!"

At the kitchen door she met Melissa. Melissa had heard Jack barking at Bobo. "Just as I expected," she said. "The fence will be done too late. Deer and gardens don't mix."

(To be continued in the July issue)

Tree House Treasure

(Continued from page 261)

"The doll Miss Southard told us about."

"Let me see it," demanded Ginger. Suddenly she cried, "Look!"

Among the stuffings coming from the doll, a thin, gold chain was hanging. The girl pulled while the others watched in wonder. Three rings, dark with age, were strung on the chain, which was fastened to a locket.

So once more the children visited the gray house. Miss Southard was much moved when she saw the rag doll and the locket and chain. Her eyes filled with tears of happiness, and she cried, "Nobody could figure out where the rings had gone when my mother died. They are very valuable. She must have been sewing them up inside Elspeth when she feared the soldiers were coming. She knew they would never think of looking there for family jewels."

"How'd the doll get into the tree?" asked Jo-Jo.

"The boys must have hidden her there when they were teasing me," she answered. "Why, with these rings I shall be able to get enough money to live comfortably," she exclaimed. "And it's all because of you children and your tree house."

"I guess we'd better call our tree house 'Treasure House' now," said Jo-Jo happily.

Mothers' Service Bureau

By Alice Winston



Do you plan to spend your vacation at one of the Fairs or perhaps some other interesting vacation spot? We'll be happy to send you travel booklets if you'll write and tell us where you're going.



Vacation days are fun to remember—especially when you have movies of them. Bell & Howell's *Filmo* is easy to operate. Send for free booklet, "How to Make Inexpensive Personal Movies."



The **Thermos Picnic Kit** is grand for summer outings. Case is tan pigskin-grained leatherette designed for carrying two one-quart Thermos bottles and a metal sandwich box, each in a separate compartment. Complete as illustrated, \$7.86.



If you're driving on your summer-vacation jaunt you'll certainly want this new 1939 Edition of the **Rand McNally Road Atlas**. Contains road maps of the United States, Canada, and Mexico. At stationery and book stores, 75c.



Kedettes open-toe sandal. Print with navy or red. Wedge heel. Children's sizes 7-12, \$1.45; misses' sizes 12½-3, \$1.65.



Comfy-Safe Auto Seat keeps baby safe and comfortable seeing out. Can be used until child is four to five years old. Price, \$5.00.



Mother's Bag of attractive eggshell, tan, or black leatherette. Has inner compartments for bottles and diapers; also an outer pocket. Tabor zipped. \$2.25.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

June, 1939

Miss Alice Winston
CHILD LIFE MAGAZINE
536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

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GALVETRY SCHOOL
1 E. Tenth St., Baltimore, Md.

With Bertram in Africa

(Continued from page 250)

Bertram's mamma, with her arms full of bundles. And Julia Krause carrying Baby Sam.

"So there you are," said Bertram's mamma. "Merry Christmas! We had the awfulest time finding you. The sirman said he had set you down where a giraffe's head was sticking out. We must have seen twenty giraffes sticking their heads out, and each was the wrong one. But how do you expect I'm going to get up there with all these packages?"

"Ah! I'll show you," said Chicken Gumbo. "Hello! Who's this little black boy?" asked Bertram's mamma.

"That's the little stowaway I wrote you about," said Bertram. "Chicken Gumbo. Didn't you get my letter?"

"Yes," said Bertram's mamma, "and it made us anxious. So I thought I'd come and bring your rubbers. I forgot to give them to you, what with all the excitement of your getting away."

All this time Chicken Gumbo had been very busy with a long vine. He made a loop of it and threw the loose ends over the lowest branch of the big tree. Then he led out Bimbo and harnessed him up to the vine.

"Now jes' yo' sit down byah, lady, in dis little swing," said Chicken Gumbo. "Hang on tight, an' we'll have yo' up dar in a jiffy."

So Bertram's mamma sat down in the swing. And Bimbo pulled Bertram's mamma right up into the tree.

"Well, I declare," she said. "It's just like riding in an elevator."

Then Julia Krause and Baby Sam came up in the elevator, too.

"What a nice little house you've got," said Bertram's mamma, "and how tidy you keep it. And who in the world are all those little black folks?" noticing them for the first time.

"Pygmies, mamma," said Bertram. "They live just across the Equator from us. We've been having a party."

"They're really quite uncivilized," put in Ginny. "This is the first Christmas they have ever had. But aren't the twins cute—Chi-Chi and Leonore? Peggy and I made them those doll dresses out of one of my nightgowns."

"Really, we must go now," said the Pygmy mamma.

"Well, I'm glad to have met you," said Bertram's mamma. "But your children look undernourished. They ought to have cod-liver oil."

"Oh, that would be so nice," said the Pygmy mamma. "Will you really send us some cod-liver oil?"

Bertram's mamma said she would, and the Pygmies went home happy. Then Bertram's mamma noticed Paul Darling, and asked, "Who is that strange boy—the one in the leopard skin?"

"Don't you remember?" said Bertram. "That's Paul Darling, only you'd never know him now. He's changed."

"Yes, I see he's changed," said Bertram's mamma. "And he's going around barefoot. It's a mercy he hasn't stepped on a poison bug or something."

"I don't care if I step on a thousand poison bugs," said Paul. "I don't care even if I step on a snake."



Joan and the Three Deer

By
Marjorie Medary

It has been appearing usually in *Child Life*, but here in the complete version of this beautifully written story in which a resourceful child explores for the first time the very frontiers of existence of the woods. Illustrated by KURT WIESE. \$2.00

RANDOM HOUSE
30 E. 57 St., N. Y. C.

SLEEPY TIME IS A HAPPY TIME

for Kiddies Wearing . . .



The sirman said he'd have to be going now. So he climbed back into his airplane and hopped off.

"Now, I've got so many things to tell you," said Bertram's mamma, "that I hardly know where to begin. Here's a black walnut cake I made for you, and here is one of Mrs. Cree's famous fig layer cakes. But your ears, Bertram! Just look at your ears!"

And Bertram's mamma took a washrag and wiped out a tiny speck of dust from one of Bertram's ears.

"Suppah's ready," called out Chicken Gumbo. So they all sat down to supper, and Bertram's mamma and Julia had breadfruit sandwiches for the first time.

"Oh, I knew I had something important to tell you," said Bertram's mamma. "Only I'm afraid it's bad news. Peggy's daddy has lost all his money and will have to sell his lovely house. He told me to tell Peggy to be brave."

"Oh, that's too bad," said Ginny. And she threw her arms around Peggy. "I tell you what, I'll give you my share of the pirate's treasure. And you'll give her your shares too, won't you, boys?"

"Sure we will," they promised. "We'll have all the money we need after we sell our animals. You'll get your share of that too, Peggy."

"And Ah gibs her mah elephant tusk," said Chicken Gumbo.

"Me, too," said the other boys. "Oh, I can never thank you enough," said Peggy. "You are all so generous. Maybe we won't lose our home after all."

After breakfast next morning, Ginny and Peggy tidied up the house and then sat down to read. Baby Sam played with a squeaky cow. Bertram's mamma and Julia went down in the elevator, and Bertram proudly showed his menagerie.

"My!" said his mamma. "What a lot of animals! But how are you ever going to get them to America?"

(To be concluded in the July issue)

Poems for Summer



Look on the Bright Side

Carolyn Wells

A bee, just born that morning.

Said to himself, said he,

"I thought I'd be a butterfly,

But I see I be a bee!

"A butterfly is idle,

So also is a sloth:

Their mode of life appeals to me,

I'd like to be them both."

But this bee was philosophic.

He settled on a plant

And gathered honey, murmuring.

"I'm glad I'm not an ant!"

Seeing the World

Polly Chase

I want to find out about millions of things:

Kittens with mittens

And pigs with wings.

Some day I'll climb on a cloud and fly

Over the rooftops through the sky.

I'll lie on a cloud as soft as down

And watch what's happening in the town.

I'll see my daddy cutting the grass,

And the lake will look like a piece of glass.

I'll see the mailman bringing the mail.

A lion maybe or even a WHALE.

I could see 'most anything up so high:

Kittens with mittens

Or pigs that fly.

Song for a Summer Evening

Mildred Bowers Armstrong

Fireflies in the twilight—

The fairies might be there—

Each with a little twinkling star

Shining in her hair.

And when the trees are still, and one

Leaf alone is blowing,

Perhaps a pixie flew from it

Going where he was going.

Two Squirrels

Adelaide Love

Two squirrels chased each other round

And round our big elm tree,

But in the middle of their game

One stopped to stare at me.

He looked so saucy that I knew

Quite well what he was saying:

"You couldn't catch me either if

You joined the game we're playing!"

Fiesta

(Continued from page 254)

very boots. Ed Collins looked up, a kindly grin crinkling the corners of his eyes. "In a short race, a straightaway like this, the main thing is the quick start," he told her. "You've got to get away with a jump!"

Polly joined the shifting group gathered to hear the starter's advice. Eleven young riders—only one, she decided swiftly, could offer her any competition—Carl White on the slim-legged, glossy chestnut.

Midnight was nervous and hard to manage and for a sinking moment Polly thought the race would start before she could get him under control. But finally they were all behind the line; the starter's hat poised, flashed down! Polly touched Midnight's flank lightly with her quirt and felt him leap away under her.

She had made a perfect start. The nervous chestnut thoroughbred had been all but facing the wrong way when the hat fell. For a few heartbeats Polly was far ahead. Then the others began to gain, and she realized with horror that Midnight, unused to racing, was good-naturedly shortening his stride to wait for them.

"Go, Midnight!" she cried. "Fast!" And Midnight responded nobly. But in the precious interval an Indian boy had passed her. Then Midnight's little ears flattened down, and he swept to the front again, but now appeared the chestnut, running easily, with long, powerful strides.

"Go, Midnight! Go!" cried Polly.

Midnight stretched out so that he barely skimmed over the ground, gaining slowly. Carl White's face turned, blank with surprise, as the little black horse drew neck and neck with his own. His whip flogged up and down, and again the chestnut leaped ahead. Midnight was straining valiantly, his muzzle just at Carl's stirrup when they crossed the finish line.

The horses, their mettle up, swept on in a great circle and back to the cheering crowd. Polly slipped down into Uncle Walt's waiting arms. She stood for a moment with her face pressed into his flannel shirt. "I seemed to win! I seemed to win!" she said, but nobody seemed to hear. Instead, people were pushing up to say what a fine race she had run. No one seemed to remember that she had lost!

When the last race was over, the last prize given, and the crowd had begun to scatter, Johnny was helped down from his perch and stowed inside the Collins' car. Midnight had left for home before, riding in great state in a horse trailer borrowed for the occasion.

"Say, Polly," Johnny leaned out of the car window. "You know I'm going away to school this fall. I was wondering—if your uncle doesn't mind—would you be willing to keep Midnight while I'm away—ride him and keep him in trim for me?"

Polly tried to answer, but the words wouldn't come. Uncle Walt's big arm reached round her shoulders. "Well, now, I guess that'd be all right, Johnny," he said, calmly. "Sure, I reckon we can do that for you."

The Collins' car roared away across the dusty field. Polly looked up at her uncle. Still she couldn't speak, but it seemed to him that the great planet that hung in the cool evening sky above her head was not so bright as her eyes.



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Grandmother's Eardrops

(Continued from page 259)

"I don't think so," Mary answered.

Her head was still spinning with the somersaults and the fall. She leaned back against a great upright timber. A dusty ray of yellow sunshine struck in through a crack in the siding of the barn. When she shifted away from its light something down behind the timber caught her eye.

Through dust and chaff a pinky-purple gleam gave back the sunlight. Mary poked one finger down and saw something tumble out into the barn lot below.

Up in the high loft Lucetta and Ann, open-mouthed, watched Mary scramble down the ladder, forgetting her bruises. A group of calves scattered before her and then returned to sniff at her, but Mary did not even tell them "Shoo!" On the ground below her was Grandmother's missing eardrop.

Lucetta and Ann ran back to the house with her. "Grammy, see! See what Mary found in the hayloft!" they called.

"A nest of eggs?" Grandmother guessed. When she saw what Mary held up to her, she sat down suddenly. "Well!" she said.

Then she heard all about the finding of the eardrop and hugged each little girl and looked at the place where the tooth had been. She said to Mary: "You must come over to supper tonight and show it to Grandfather."

Mary felt shy about this invitation. She had eaten many holiday dinners here with her family, but never had she eaten a meal with just Grandfather and Grandmother. She would not say so, but she was just a little afraid of tall, absent-minded Grandfather.

But there was nothing else to be done. When supertime came there was Mary in her fresh dress, and the eardrop lay by Grandfather's place for a surprise.

He looked at it when he sat down, and then he bent a little nearer. He seemed puzzled. "What is this?" he asked.

"It's the missing eardrop," Grandmother told him proudly. "Mary found it in the hayloft where it has been lying this long time."

"Whose was it?" asked Grandfather.

"Why, Robert!" Grandmother said reproachfully. And seeing that he still knitted his eyebrows, she went on, "That was your first gift to me. For forty years I've regretted losing it. You must have thought me very careless."

The absent-minded look cleared from Grandfather's face. He smiled at Grandmother, quick and pleased, as Mary had never seen him smile.

"To think you worried over that, my dear!" he said. "Let me get you a new pair and give these to Mary to play with."

Grandmother and Mary beamed at each other.

"Maisy may have the eardrops when she is older," said Grandmother. "I don't want anything new, thank you, Robert. I have everything my heart could wish." Her eyes dwelt lovingly on Grandfather and Mary and then on the eardrop.

It really was a lovely eardrop. Mary was glad she was to have it some day, but she had another reason for being happy all through supper. She had begun to feel acquainted with Grandfather, and how much she did like him!

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TEXTILES EDUCATION BUREAU
401 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

A Boy of Norway

(Continued from page 247)

SOME day you will read the whole story of Fridtjof Nansen, of which these boyhood adventures are only the beginning. You will learn of his explorations into unknown lands and seas, of the journeys of his little vessel, the *Fram*. You will read of his scientific work and, last, of the patient, arduous years he gave at the end of the World War in the interests of peace and human brotherhood.

There was a purpose in Fridtjof Nansen's life, something within him that urged him always to use all the powers he had, and to use them worthily. If he seemed to change his course, it was in every case to do a greater thing, not a smaller. He grew steadily and surely from an impulsive, self-willed boy to a courageous, wise, and deeply human man.

He had high dreams; he failed sometimes, but his failures were greater than most men's successes. He left great tasks unfinished for other high-hearted dreamers to complete. It is true that the great days of exploration are over; the last continent, the last ocean has been discovered; there are only a few places left on the globe where any explorer can say: "I am the first to see this place," but there seem to be no boundaries or dimensions to the other worlds in which Fridtjof Nansen helped blaze pathways, the world of science and the world of international brotherhood. Test tube and microscope and telescope daily disclose new continents and oceans of knowledge, and beyond each new discovery rise the glittering peaks of still more unknown lands. But the hardest journey, Fridtjof Nansen's last quest, to find a road among nations to "honest good will" and "love and mercy," still waits for dauntless young explorers.

He was a great man; he will seem greater when men who made more noise in his day have been forgotten, and the world has had time to look back and see how high he towers above his times. He gave hope and courage and opportunity to thousands who wandered fearful, despairing, and forsaken in a hostile world, and he did it not alone out of pity for suffering, but also out of a dream that hatred could be overcome with brotherliness.



June Notes

Vacation Fun*

Mother, brother, and I were going trout fishing. First we dug for the worms, which we put in a tin can half full of dirt.

A delicious lunch was packed, and a supply of fishing tackle. Soon we were hiking on the beautiful road bordered with pine trees.

The first bridge we came to we turned up a little side trail. There we heard the sound of gushing water from a sparkling stream, noted for its abundance of trout.

We made camp under one of the shady trees. I was eager to get started with my fishing pole. Brother and I watched the jiggling beauties darting from rock to rock. We both fished all day. We had a string full of mountain trout.

It was then time to eat, and we were hungry. But where was our lunch?

There were several uninvited guests eating it, but they looked so cute that instead of chasing them away we took a picture of them—little graceful squirrels. What did we eat? We had wonderful grilled trout.

DORIS MITTINEN
Juneau, Alaska

Age 13



Anne Carlender,
age 12
Seattle, Wash.

June Night*

The sea was calm, the moon was bright,
And oh, it was a wondrous night!

The stars shone out, the air was clear,
The breeze was saying, "Sleep, my dear."

The owl was hooting, the cat was crying,
I heard the night wind softly sighing.

The sandman came, my eyes shut fast,
And then I was asleep at last.

NANCY HARTMAN
Juneau, Wis.

Age 10

Vacation

Vacation is a happy time,
With work as well as fun;
We ride our bikes and row our boats;
Our school work we may shun.

But ere we've time to turn around
As my grandma would say,
We're all of us surprised to see
The summer's slipped away.

CLIFFORD GUILD
Fort Dodge, Iowa

Age 11

George W. Montague, age 12
Allston, Mass.



A Summer Day at Our House*

It was Saturday and there was a lot to do. When we woke up Mother assigned the jobs. "Mary, you do the dishes, sweep, and mop the floor. Jack, bring in the wood and wash the car. Nancy, dust, make the beds, and pick up papers."

All of us started to do our jobs. Jack brought in about five sticks of wood, then, instead of washing the car, he sat on the running board and read a magazine. Nancy picked up the papers, then, instead of making the beds, she lay down and almost went to sleep. I stood over the dishpan and daydreamed. When Nancy came out and said, "You have to dust," I woke up quick enough and the war was on. Mother came and that ended that.

Then Mother went out to the garage and found Jack sitting on the running board! She called us into the front room and said, "I was planning to take three children on a picnic tomorrow, but if they all have 'spring fever' they will have to stay in bed."

Believe me, the work was done pretty quickly after that.

We had a lot of fun and good things to eat next day at the picnic, too.

DORIS ANN GAARD
Springfield, Ore.

Age 11

Doris Rodewig,
age 12,
Westfield,
N. J.



Prize Winners*

Here comes the joyous month of June.
Bringing the mockingbird and the rose,
Laughing, dancing, and coming from where
Nobody really knows.

She stands at the door of the schoolhouse.
Hear her gaily call,
"Come away from teachers and blackboards,
Lesson-books, pencils, and all.

"Come out, come out in the sunshine,
There are woodland hills to climb
There are seashore, meadow, and mountain,
And it's vacation time."

ANN TAYLOR
Age 12 Montreal, Quebec, Can.

The Lost Day of School*

We have lots of fun the last day of school. There is excitement in the school room as the pupils pack up their papers, books, and pencils, and wait for their report cards. Then we all go home until it is time to go to the picnic. Shortly before noon parents and children with well-filled baskets go to the park and have a good dinner together. After dinner we play all kinds of games and run races. The women play ball while most of the men go fishing in the Des Moines River, which goes through this park. If the day is warm, many of the smaller children go wading. Late in the afternoon we all go home tired but happy.

RICHARD QUIST
Age 8 Harcourt, Iowa

A June Party*

Everybody is ready and here we go! Now we are in sight of the woods. The hus has stopped, and we all jump out. First we will play the game "Go and Find." "Hunt! Hunt!" cries Mother, as we try to find things that we never saw before. Now we are all back with many curious things. John found ten different kinds of wild flowers. Mary found many leaves of different kinds of trees. Lucy found queer little plants. James found two kinds of moss. The rest of us found things similar to these. Mary found the most, so she gets a prize. Mother gives each of us a lunch in a paper sack. We all climb up into a tree to eat. John is the first one down. Father says it is time to go back home, so we get in the bus and come home singing merrily.

PEGGY BAKER
Age 11 Leland, Miss.

Why June Is My Favorite Month

The chief reason I like June is because it is the end of school and the beginning of vacation. Every vacation we go on a trip. I always think of June as the month we go traveling.

I like June because my birthday is in June. June is also important to me because then the swimming season opens. I live near a lake, and my daddy takes me swimming almost every morning.

SIDNEY SEIGERS
Age 9 Lake Providence, La.

Tim and Tom Turtle*

Betty had been ill, and needed sunshine; so her mother had taken her to Florida.



how Tim Turtle and Tom Turtle came to Montreal.

They lived in a pretty green bowl which had deep water at one end and pebbles at the other so they could climb out and rest.

One warm spring day Betty took their bowl and placed it in the garden. She thought they must be very happy, but Betty didn't know that turtles could think.

When Tim and Tom felt the hot sun and saw the blue sky and the beautiful flowers, their little hearts nearly burst with longing to get back to Florida. So they climbed over the edge and started on their journeys.

They went across the garden thinking they were getting near to Florida!

"Come on," said Tom. But Tim pulled back, for there in front of him was the most enormous worm he had ever seen!

Suddenly a robin flew down and swallowed the worm! The robin and the turtles stared at each other in surprise.

The robin thought they were rather big for beetles. They began to run very fast and were soon on the path to the garden gate.

Meanwhile Betty was looking all over for them. Suddenly she had an idea! She hurried over to the gate, and there Betty found Tim and Tom crying turtle tears all over the path.

She picked them up and carried them back to the dining room where they were very happy to be safely back in their pretty green bowl.

PEGGY MACNAUGHTON
Age 9 Montreal, Quebec, Can.

Poor Ferdinand*

For her birthday, my little sister received a toy hull, a replica of the renowned Ferdinand. To look at his fierce countenance you would never know that he was lacking the ferocity typical of his species.

One bright sunny day Ferdinand was sitting on the radiator enjoying his favorite pastime, smelling the flowers. Suddenly a huge form sprang toward him—our family dog! Then everything went dark! I shall not tell any more of what happened that memorable afternoon. It would make you too sad, but when we entered the battlefield that evening and found the remains of poor Ferdinand, we remembered that "he never learned to fight!"

VIRGINIA HERRMANN
Age 11 Tacoma, Wash.

A pretty squirrel
In a tree one day
Wanted a nut
And was soon on his way.

To the end of a limb
He jumped with ease
Like the daring young man
On the flying trapeze.

Straight down the tree
With his tail in the air
To my window and dinner
He knew waited there.

Then with nut in his mouth
He dashed for his nest
Where lay ten more nuts
Of the very best.

DOROTHY E. MARTIN
Age 11 Terre Haute, Ind.

Book Corner

My Ten Favorite Books*

The best book I have ever read, is called *Swallows and Amazons*. It is about four English children who went camping on an island in a lake. They called themselves the Swallows because the sailboat they were using was called the *Swallow*. They met two girls on the island and became great friends with them.

Another book that I like a lot is called *Wind of the Vikings*. It is about an American girl who went to live in the Orkney Islands with her grandmother and uncle.

A very exciting book called *Peter Duck*, by Arthur Ransome, is another favorite.

A book I have read over and over is called *Wind in the Willows* and is all about animals who act like people.

I also like *Heidi* and *Mary Poppins*. *Mary Poppins* is about an English nurse, but it couldn't ever have happened.

Another book I like is called *Susan Beware!* Also I like *Mary and Marie*, *Ferdinand the Bull*, and *The Family from One End Street*. I have over eighty books.

SHIRLEY K. WIGMORE
Age 10 Larder Lake, Ont. Can.

Exploring

In realms of learning we explore
With book in hand, the tales of yore,
They open to us with magic key
Adventure, love, and mystery.

With Tom Sawyer we whistle a carefree air
And ramble forth without a care;
In outboard ships we sail afar
To countries strange and scenes bizarre.

With Robin Hood and his merry men
We lurk within the forest green.
Our glad thoughts soaring ever away,
We read and dream throughout the day.

O land of books, how dear thou art
To my adventure-loving heart;
The precious thoughts that enrich thy pages
Shall gladden men's hearts through all the ages.

FAY MUNGER
Age 13 Wellesley, Mass.

Hobbies of the Month

Planning Homes*

Although I have always been interested in making plans of houses, I suppose you might say that my hobby got its start when I read the book, *Maidie's Little School*, by Irwin. It then began in earnest, for I decided to draw plans of a house for the characters in that book. I have drawn plans for a dozen homes.

First, I think of how many children and how many adults are to live in my house, and whether they are to be rich or poor. Then I make a house that would suit their wants. If they are rich, I sometimes draw a plan of their gardens, with a swimming pool, tennis court, outdoor fireplace, and all the other things that go with it. I then look at our living room and decide how much wider or longer, shorter or narrower than our living room the one I am designing shall be. I then find what fraction of an inch equals a foot on my plan, and measure the rest of the rooms and label them accordingly.

I do not think that this hobby is very common, but I think that if you tried it you would find it most interesting.

Age 11 JUNE ROHWER
Dixon, Calif.

A Record Book*

My hobby is keeping a record book. It is very unusual and interesting. I designed my own book. The pages are divided into six parts, each part for a year. In the front of the book, I have pictures, one for each year. Each picture is to represent an important event of that year.

For every year, in my book, I put a picture of myself. I also put in some interesting incidents out of my diary, a description of a party, an original story or poem written that year. Other things on these pages might include some pictures I drew, a report, a description of a trip, or any of a great number of things. This pastime affords me great entertainment.

Age 13 DOROTHY BATEMAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Writing Plays

I find writing plays very interesting. My friend and I are working on one now. The name of it is, "The Land of Windmills and Tulips." I like to be in plays, too. I have been in an Indian play and an Eskimo play. But I like best to make them up.

Age 9 EVELYN WILLIAMS
Galax, Va.

Soap Carving

I have three hobbies, which are soap carving, stamp collecting, and photography. I like soap carving the best. I have made a boat and almost finished an airplane. It is very easy. All you need to do is to take a piece of soap and carve the body of whatever you are making. Then you add the necessary details.

Age 10 JAMES A. NOERIS
Shamokin, Pa.

Coin Collecting

My hobby is a very interesting one. It is collecting coins. I specialize in pennies. I have Indian pennies, Lincoln, Flying Eagles, copper-nickel cents, and a few large liberty pennies dating back to 1793. I also have half pennies, dimes, two-cent pieces, and three-cent pieces, and a few foreign coins. I get my coins from friends, people working in stores, and a few I buy from coin shops.

Age 10 WILLIAM OATES
Chicago, Ill.

My Favorite Hobby

My hobby is building miniature cities of clay. It is very easy to find clay in our valley. I've built three cities: New York, Mexico City, and Vienna. This summer I hope to build Paris. I get my ideas from pictures.

Age 10 EORTH SCHRUMAN
Lakewood, Ohio

Stamps

I collect stamps from all over the world. I like stamps because they help me in history and geography. Stamps sometimes tell interesting stories and they are worth money. I have about 1,050 stamps. I have three of the largest stamps in the world. They are from Spain. I have a large animal stamp from China.

Age 10 TOM SOURS
Bexley, Columbus, Ohio

Collecting Sea Shells*

Our hobby is collecting all kinds of Philippine shells and other sea products. We have a rich collection of them. We like also to exchange our shells with other hobby collectors of other interesting things. We are sending you some of our shells so that you may see how lovely they are.

Age 11, 12 The 5th and 6th Grade Classes in
SOCIAL SCIENCE
Dumaguete Elementary School
Dumaguete, Negros Oriental, P. I.



Shells from the
5th and 6th Grade Classes
Dumaguete Elementary School,
Dumaguete, Negros Oriental, P. I.

Indian Relics

My hobby is collecting Indian relics. The first thing that I got was a corn pounder which I received from my grandfather when I was six years old. I have eleven arrowheads, three knives, a shoe lathe, two whetstones, four half spear-tips, a drill, a sharp pointed stone used to write on leather, and some Indian pottery.

Age 10 MARK STEIGERWALT
Palmerton, Pa.

Aviation

My hobby is aviation. I have just completed one of my scrapbooks. It contains pictures of planes and their fliers. I have a picture of Hughes and his ship, and one of the new windmill planes in which the motor is located in the bottom of the plane. Amelia Earhart was an advisor at our airport, which is the Purdue University Airport. The staff presented her with a plane in which she made her last flight.

I have just started one of my models. It has a wingspread of fifty-four inches. In the future I hope to make this my profession.

Age 12 MARY ANN HABHEIMAN
West Point, Ind.

Birds

One of my favorite hobbies is birds. I have a bird feeding station in our cedar tree on one of the branches. I see red-birds, mockingbirds, tufted titmice, chickadees, and the flickers all winter. As I live near the river I see migrating birds almost every day when it starts to get warm. About June last year I saw hundreds of different kinds of warblers that were migrating. I hung up suet on the trees and made suet pudding. In making suet pudding, first melt some suet; then drop in some mixed seeds; let it cool and you have suet pudding. The birds love it. I think birds are very interesting.

Age 11 PATRICIA ADAMS ROBINSON
Evansville, Ind.

Pieces of Wood*

My hobby is collecting different kinds of wood. I have one piece from India. I have about forty pieces in all. After I get a new piece of wood I look it up in the encyclopedia and find out what kind it is and where it came from. My father works in a veneer mill and he brings me different kinds. I have been saving wood for about a year.

Age 12 SAMUEL STILES
Knoxville, Tenn.

Pressed Flowers and Gardening

My favorite hobby is collecting pressed flowers. I have fifty assorted flowers from Alberta and British Columbia, and I am getting some more from Honolulu and New Zealand.

In summer I have a garden with eight to twelve assorted flower beds. In winter I have an egg-shell garden. It is composed of egg shells with one seed planted in each. When spring comes they are all transplanted out in the garden.

Age 12 MARIE MILLER
Prince George, B. C., Can.

Good Citizens on the Road

The Good Citizens' League was about to meet for the last time before vacation. Dick Lea, mayor of the league, came to the room early. Near the top of the blackboard he printed a line very carefully with colored chalk. It said:

The Rules of the Road

Under it at the left he drew a picture of a traffic light showing green. Under it at the right he drew a picture of a traffic light showing red.

When it was time for the meeting to begin, Dick said, "Members of the Good Citizens' League, you asked me to plan the meeting for tonight. I think it would be a good idea for us to talk about what I have printed on the blackboard.

"Most of us are going somewhere this summer. I don't know about all of you, but I have asked a good many of the members what they are planning to do. Dave is going to drive to San Francisco for the fair. Anne is going on the train to the New York fair. A good many of you are going to camp. Steve is going to spend the summer on his grandfather's farm. Caroline is going to a cottage in the North Woods. I am going to stay at home, but I expect to go on a lot of picnics and hikes and probably take several short trips. We are all going to do things that are different from what we do every day; we shall be away from home part of the time.

"Sometimes when people go away on a vacation, they act as if they were taking a vacation from good citizenship, too. We don't want to do that. A good automobile driver obeys the rules of the road when he is traveling, and I thought we might draw up some rules of the road for ourselves."

Everyone had suggestions to make. By the end of the meeting, Dick had written these rules under the green light:

Be considerate of other people

Wait your turn when you have to stand in line

Be as quiet as you can when other people wish to talk, listen to music, or sleep

Do cheerfully what the majority of the crowd wishes to do

Be careful of other people's property

If you are away from home without your father and mother, write to them often

Try to see as much as you can

Remember the interesting things you see

Have at least one specially interesting experience to report to the Good Citizens' League in the fall

If there is an industry which is not carried on near your own home, try to find out how the work is done

Notice unfamiliar plants and animals and learn all you can about them.

Help other people to have a good time

If there is work to be done which you do not have to do at home, do your share cheerfully

Learn to talk easily with people whom you do not know very well

Be cheerful even when things are not quite as comfortable as they are at home

Learn to do something new—a new game

or sport, how to cook, how to use tools, or how to take pictures

Under the red light, Dick had written:

Do not take unnecessary risks

Don't try to show off by swimming too far out or walking on the edge of a cliff

Be careful of poison ivy and other poisonous plants

Don't drink water until sure it is safe

Don't eat foods that you would not eat at home

Why not draw up your own "Rules of the Road" for the summer? They will not be just like these, probably, for they will depend upon where you are going and how you are going to travel.



Photo by Elinor Englebandt, age 13
Larchmont, N. Y.

Good Citizens in Summer

Whether you spend your summer at home or away, you can still be a good citizen. If you go to the beach you can pick up broken glass and old tin buckets and shovels left by careless people. In the mountains, always be careful to put out all fires completely. In the country, burn all picnic papers or put them where they are less apt to start a fire or make fields untidy. In the city pick up banana peels from the sidewalk so no one will fall on them. Always be on the lookout for an opportunity to help someone, both people and animals. Tin cans, tangled wires, and nails are hazards to the feet of animals. And don't forget people appreciate help, no matter how they express it.

CAROLINA STODDARD
Owings, S. C.

Age 13

JUNIOR EDITOR SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SEPTEMBER MAGAZINE

Pen and Pencil Club, Hobby Club, Good Citizens' League

Greetings, Fellow Editors!

Though it is June, it is time to be working on the Junior Editors' Department for September. So please send as soon as possible poems, articles, letters, drawings, hobby notes, or photographs that would be appropriate to September. Choose your own subjects. We are leaving you free to send us material that would be interesting in a September and back-to-school issue. Send us:

1. Poems (written by yourself).
2. Articles or stories (not more than 200 words). Original.
3. Drawings: Design for September. Should be made in black ink

or black crayon on white, unruled paper. Original.

4. Photographs: Some photographs you took yourself. Clear black and white prints are needed.

5. Letters (not to be printed): What do you want in future issues?

1st Prize.....\$3.00

2nd Prize.....2.00

10 Prizes of \$1.00 each.

Let us have your contributions soon. Send them to the Junior Editors' Department, CHILD LIFE, 536 South Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois, before June 20, 1939. And be sure to write plainly on them your name, address, and age. No manuscripts can be returned.

Far Away Children

If you live in a foreign country or otherwise too far away to reach

us by June 20, your contribution should be written, drawn, or photographed with the October issue in mind and marked "Outpost Contest." Choose your own subjects—anything appropriate to October.

Ask for a Pin

And if you want a Pen and Pencil Club pin or a Hobby Club pin (depending on what part of the Junior Editors' you are most interested in), ask for it when you send in your contribution.

If any of you do not now belong to a Good Citizens' League and would like to organize one in your neighborhood or school, write to us for information about it.

Every good wish from

THE SENIOR EDITOR

Indoors and Outdoors in June

By Verna Grisier McCully

THOUGH summer usually invites us outdoors, we must sometimes stay inside because of rain or other reasons. Then a rumpus room is appreciated. In many houses a basement is excellent to fix up for such a place—cool in summer and, if it is near the furnace room, warm enough to be used the year round.

All of a room or a part of it can be arranged. The furniture may be new, or coming from the attic or second-hand store, be repaired. Light-colored paint or white-wash applied to the walls, pipes, and other stationary gadgets found in basements will brighten a place short on windows. The usual concrete floor may be covered with grass or rag rugs, or have an enlarged game board painted directly on it like the checkers in the picture. Squares may be nine to twelve inches wide according to space. Checkers can be played with sets of paper plates painted in two colors.

Furniture, if old, should be painted some bright color. Shelves or a cupboard for games, books, or a radio are useful. An



old dining-room table with additional leaves for extension takes care of ping-pong and other games. A card table, benches, chairs, or stools should be added. Has-socks can be made square, or round like the one illustrated, using oilcloth, canvas, awning material, or denim. Sew top and bottom to the wide sidepiece cut long enough to reach entirely around. Bind seams with heavy tape. Leave a hole large enough for inserting the stuffing, such as upholsterer's wool, excelsior, straw, or corn husks and pack it in solidly.

Gaily colored cushions and curtains, with a window box or row of potted flowers add to the good looks. Double sockets in light fixtures already installed will give outlet for at least one table or floor lamp.

For younger children a place should be found in the rumpus room for a small teeter totter and if possible a swing or

slide. Any member of the family who goes in for carpentry or tinkering should have a workbench. If the basement is large, a platform built at one end and furnished with a curtain makes a fine place for amateur theatricals or a marionette stage.

SPONGE rubber toys for little children are fun at the sea or lake shore or as aids to a jolly bath. Rectangular rubber sponges may be used, preferably in the thinner five-cent size, as they are cut more easily than the thick expensive ones. Sponge rubber may be bought by the piece, or discarded sponge rubber bath mats can be used.

Since it is difficult to mark a shape directly on the rubber, cut a cloth pattern of the animal or doll, about 3 by 5 inches, or to fit the sponge, and lightly glue it to the sponge with touches of rubber cement. Squeeze the sponge as flat together as possible while cutting with scissors through the entire thickness. Uneven places can be snipped off after removing the cloth pattern.

Cut ears and eyes from discarded bathing caps. Shape E is for a rabbit ear, 3 inches long. Fold over at the base and slip into slits cut in the top of the bunny's head. Attach ears and eyes with rubber cement. Dog and elephant ears are pasted at the top and allowed to hang loose. The doll's hair is made of long fringe cut from a bathing cap, and the bangs are short fringe. The dress is also cut from a bathing cap.

THE next time you go picnicking or on an outdoor jaunt, try exploring, not by roaming farther, but by looking carefully for new and interesting discoveries all around; hunting different kinds of trees, rocks, bushes, berries; watching bugs and

worms; noticing different kinds of moss, or the antics of water beetles, or the drift of clouds. A magnifying glass will add much to the fun.

KEEPING the lawn and garden neat can be play. Run races to see who can pull the most weeds. Some of these weeds are interesting. Tall ones learn to grow very short in the lawn where the mower snags them off regularly. Weed flowers may be scarcely noticeable, so learn to recognise and catch them before the seeds are ripe. Weed seeds collected in test tubes make an interesting and useful hobby.

LEARN some new outdoor games. Ask your playmates and older people if they know something different, especially if they come from another part of the country. Illustrated on this page are two kinds of hopscotch popular in the East. They can be played either on a sidewalk, marked in chalk, or on the ground, marked with a stick.

Snail hopscotch is drawn like a snail, with twelve divisions, each about twelve



inches across, and a round space marked REST in the middle. Players take turns. Any number can play. The object is to hop on one foot, one hop to a space, no hopping on lines, until you come to REST where both feet may rest. Then turn and hop all the way back on one foot. A player may rest at any space, but only on one hopping foot and without taking an extra hop. Any player who hops to REST and back out without a miss may put his or her initials in any space, which becomes his "house." Other players must then hop over his "house," but when his turn comes again he may rest on two feet in his own "house." When several players earn "houses" the game becomes difficult.

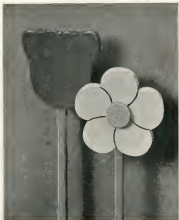
Italian hopscotch is marked as in the lower diagram, each division measuring twelve inches. The game is played in turns like snail hopscotch. The player must hop on

[Continued on page 286]



Let's Make Some Flowers

James Marquette



THESE gay little wooden flowers will add a touch of color to your lawn and that bare-looking flower bed. They can also be used as supports for plants instead of ordinary sticks.

Any kind of wood $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick will do, although 3-ply wallboard is stronger and better. The drawings below were made actual size so that you can easily trace them on the wood. Make the stems 10 inches long and point their ends. Saw around your traced outline with a coping saw. The center of the daisy is a circle sawed from the wood and nailed in place with small brads. Make two for each daisy so that both sides will have a raised center.

Paint your flowers with enamel, which you can get in many bright colors. The center of the daisy should be painted yellow, the petals white, and the stem green. Use dark brown enamel to paint the lines that separate the petals. This can be done easily with an artist's small pointed brush. You might find it easier to finish painting the daisy and its center before nailing the centers in place.

The tulip may be painted in any color of real tulips you like. The one in the photograph is red with a green stem.

After you make these two flowers you will want other kinds. Make up your own designs. It's a lot of fun.



Trace these drawings on $\frac{1}{4}$ inch 3-ply wallboard. Saw around outside edge with a coping saw

Center of daisy is a circle cut from $\frac{1}{4}$ inch 3-ply wallboard



Make stems 10 inches long

Indoors and Outdoors in June

[Continued from page 285]

one foot into space 1, straddle or hop on both feet into 2 and 3, then into 4 on one foot, hopping clear over the blank space and into 5 and 6 with both feet. Then he hops on one foot into 7, over the second blank, coming to rest in REST. He turns and hops back. Hopping on a line or into a blank is a "miss," causing a player to give way to the next player. The one completing all his turns with the fewest "misses" wins.

Sometimes a flat stone is used, too. When the stone is used, the player throws it into a space, then hops and straddles through the entire diagram, omitting the space where the stone is. At REST he turns and hops back, stopping in the space in front of the one where the stone is. Scooping over he picks up the stone, then hops on to the end. On his first turn a player throws the stone into Space 1, the second turn into 2 and so on, omitting blanks. Throwing into the first blank is a "miss" and the player loses his turn. When his turn comes again he must do again the last number he did right. If the stone lands on the second blank he also loses his turn, and the next time must begin all over again, throwing into 1. Hopping on two feet in Spaces 1, 4, and 7 is also a "miss," and the player loses his turn. Whoever completes all his turns with the fewest "misses" wins.

Flying Hanky

Floy Little Bortlett

Players sit in a circle, all facing the center. One player who is *It* stands in the middle of the circle. The seated players throw a handkerchief back and forth across and about the circle while *It* tries to catch it. If *It* succeeds in touching the handkerchief, the player who threw it becomes *It*. It is most fun if the handkerchief is kept flying back and forth as swiftly as possible.

Read Aloud Time

[Continued from page 269]

He took his cue, without thought, for habit was stronger even than his wish for freedom. He leaped and was gone—down the row, out of the cornfield, to the monkey wagon.

"Jocko is found!" shouted the nearest clown. He turned one more bandspiring. Then he, too, was gone from Scarecrow Jake's cornfield. The circus wagons rumbled on their way, gleaming and gorgeous.

Scarecrow Jake smiled happily at Scarecrow Fraser across the road. Scarecrow Fraser had been wrong—all wrong. Both scarecrows had seen a circus and live monkeys and real clowns. And Scarecrow Jake had played a secret game with a little brown, free-for-a-minute monkey—had actually held him close to his bosom! And he had become a brother to a clown!

Yes, indeed, he would scare crows happily to the end of his days.



PUZZLE By Hans Kreis

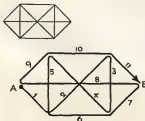
The Circus Comes to Town—Find a great Dane, two boys, a little girl, and two ladies of the circus.

Not So Easy!

Here is another adventure in memorizing for you to try.

This does look easy, doesn't it, but it may puzzle you. Draw an envelope in a single stroke without going twice over any part of the figure.

The figure at the right in the diagram below shows you how it is done. After you have memorized all of the movements in the diagram, try the puzzle on your friends.



Hard to Memorize

Make a sketch of the figure shown at the top and ask a friend if he can draw this figure in one stroke, without going twice over any part of the figure. Then show him how to do it according to the movements shown in the diagram. Be sure you have memorized all the movements first.



A Secret Message

Tell your friends that with the power of light you will produce a secret handwriting on a blank sheet of paper. Of course, nobody knows that you wrote the message on the paper yourself with lemon juice. When you hold the paper for a short while near a hot electric light bulb or lighted candle, the ghost writing will become visible.

The Lost Baby

By Jane Bateman

A Story in Indian Picture Writing

This is a puzzle as well as a story. In the April and May issues, the Indian baby is lost from the mountain camp. The small blocks of pictures are Indian picture writing with translations given below. Check with the vocabulary and try to read the last chapter of the story.



9. It was sunset over the mountains. Big-Moose, Many-Words, Three-Bears, and Goes-with-the-Moon walked toward their camp. Their hearts sang because of the good things to eat, but were on the ground with sadness because the baby was lost.



10. Goes-with-the-Moon and her dog came to the tepee. The dog ran inside the tepee. The dog barked loudly. He was barking at the woodpile!

Quickly Goes-with-the-Moon looked behind that woodpile. There was the baby! Asleep!



11. Big-Moose, Many-Words, Three-Bears, and Goes-with-the-Moon were very happy because the baby had been found. Their hearts were singing.

They had a feast. They ate turnips. They ate turtle. They ate grouse-bird.

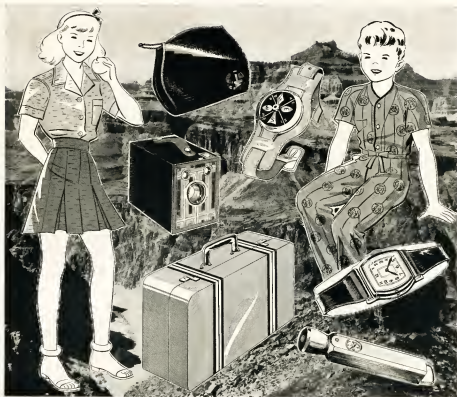


12. Big-Moose, Many-Words, Three-Bears, and Goes-with-the-Moon ate, and ate, and ATE! They sat around the fire. Big-Moose beat the drum. They sang songs. The baby slept in Goes-with-the-Moon's arms. "We shall name this baby Sleeps-in-the-Woodpile," Big-Moose said.

VOCABULARY

MAN NAMED BIG-MOOSE	WOMAN, MANY-WORDS	BOY, THREE-BEARS	GIRL NAMED GOES-WITH-THE-MOON	LOST, HIDDEN	ENTER TEPEE	MEAT RACKS FULL, MUCH TO EAT	MOUNTAINS	DOG	HEARTS SING, HAPPY
WOODPILE	LOOK	BEAT DRUM	CAMP FIRE	EVERY BODY	DOG BARKS	TURNIPS	TURTLE	GROUSE-BIRD	SIT, STAY
									EAT

WIN PRIZES IN TRAVEL CONTEST



Also...

JOIN TRAVEL CLUB FREE

Every boy and girl under 14 who enters the CHILD LIFE Travel Contest will become a member of the CHILD LIFE Travel Club and receive FREE an official certificate with a map of the United States on the back.

59 PRIZES GIVEN

First prize for girls will be a set of Grand Canyon Sports Togs in colors taken from our own American Grand Canyon. The shirt and shorts ensemble is pictured. Socks, Clam Digger overalls, and a shoefall also included.

For boys, first prize will be the sports wrist watch.

Then there will be many other attractive prizes—camera,

compass, suit case, traveling case, pajamas, an exciting new type of flashlight, and adventure books to read during vacation.

CONTEST RULES

Write a letter and tell us—

1. Whor place in the United States you'd like to visit on your vacation.
2. Which mode of transportation you prefer—airplane, automobile, boat, bus, or train.

HOW WINNERS WILL BE CHOSEN

Judges will be A. A. Bellard, E. Evelyn Grumbine, and Monroe Woodworth. The judges will see all entries and their decision about winners will be final. No letters can be returned.

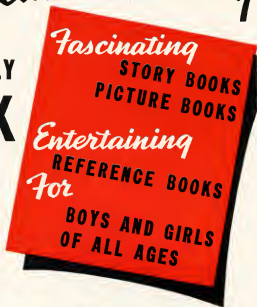
CLOSING DATE

All entries must be mailed not later than June 30, 1939, to:

CHILD LIFE TRAVEL CONTEST 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois

a Whole Vacation Library

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Now a dollar or two will purchase a whole summer of worthwhile, entertaining reading for any boy or girl. For the train or motor journey—the long, lazy summer afternoons—the rainy days that bar outdoor play—these lively little volumes are just the thing. Shown here are but a few of the dozens of attractive books of good stories, fairy tales, nursery rhymes, pictures, and other interesting subjects that delight youngsters of all ages. All are well written and attractively illustrated. You can buy them for only 10¢ each.

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